THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1804.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY
W. M'Dowall, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.
AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL MALL;
J. BOOTH, DUKE STREET PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET;
AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Greek epitaph, written upon Dr. Goldsmith, shall appear in our next.

A prose communication from Cambridge, against the passion of gaming, is received; but the postage should have been paid; the letter not sent to the printer, but to Mr. J. Wheble, Warwick-square, Newgate-street.

Several of J. M.'s communications are in reserve for the next number. A note also is left at the publisher's for J. M.

Christmas Sports want much polishing, before they can do the author of them any credit.

W. W. is respectfully informed, that all communications for this Magazine should be addressed to Mr. J. Wheble, No. 18, Warwick-square. His song is in the present number.

We are sorry to inform Piscator, that the Roach's Petition never came to hand.

The Proctor's Legacy, &c. &c. by J. M. is received.

A. B. in his late letter upon the *descent* of the Muses, has in reality *ascended* so high in the regions of metaphysics, that we fear they would be unintelligible to most of our readers.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Sartorius pinx.t Scott sculp.

Partridge Shooting.

Pub. Jan. 1, 1806, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR DECEMBER, 1804.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

The third Plate of Shooting, engraved by Mr. Scott, from a Design of the younger Sartorious.

THIS set of plates, and the progress in which they will be given, being mentioned in our last magazine, we shall offer no repetition, except to hope they will meet the approbation of our numerous readers and customers.

BERKELEY HOUNDS.

THIS celebrated pack having, although supported by private subscription, nearly attained the zenith of perfection, and numerously followed of course, threw off on Monday, the 26th ult. at Lord Grimston's coverts in Hertfordshire. After half an hour's drawing, in which they came upon a drag of the most exhilirating description, and soon carrying it up to his kennel, the vociferous clamour of the vigorous and determined expectants so terribly alarmed him, that almost instantly abandoning the deceptive and promised protection of covert, he bid it adieu; and though the field was exceedingly full, yet it was entirely unknown to the whole he had broken away, till a labouring rustic had seen him crossing the common field, and immediately gave a view halloo! as a signal to the hounds. Upon their being rather too eagerly and hastily drawn up to the spot, and rather off their wind in consequence, they came to a short check, which let most of the distant horsemen in; but they were no sooner up, than the staunch pack happily hit him, and went away in such style, that the tear of extatic sympathy was seen to start from the eye of juvenile sensibility, a term which none but a fox-hunter can feelingly understand. The scent laying admirably, they went away with him through Moor Park, and on towards Batcher Heath Coverts; skirting these, he made for Mr. Barnard's pleasure grounds, where a long and considerable check and delay ensued; when after repeated and unsuccessful casts, and every effort that could possibly be made, it was the general determination to give him up.

This done, they drew up for Batcher Heath Coverts, where they

O 2 almost

almost immediately found; but the happy information being musically conveyed, of the former fox being in view upon Harefield Common, every voice in the field was that moment, as if by an electric shock, employed in hallooing off the hounds, and never failing Tom, the huntsman, did not slacken a stroke till he reached the very spot where he had been seen. Here they no sooner appeared, than without the necessity of a single cast, they hit him off with one general exclamation, too great and gratifying for the powers of literary description. Now running breast high, for near an hour without a check, crossing the inclosures, and covering the fences from thence to Ryslip Coppice, which he passed through without a stop, head, or double, continued the chase over Ryslip Common, through the inclosures to Lord Grimstone's wood, where he was found. By this manœuvre he foiled the ground, and constituted a check, but of no great duration: they soon hit him off from the precise spot from which he was first unkennelled, and he led them through exactly the country he had gone before, till reaching Mr. Barnard's he turned to the right, and ran in a direct line for the Grand Junction Canal; ran along the banks of it through Mr. Ross's pleasure ground, where there was some cold hunting, which damped the ardour of the most zealous in the field, till they came up to the covert at Stockers: here the scent considerably increased, and constituted a sharp and enlivening burst through the inclosures to Batcher Heath Covert, (the fox being frequently viewed in this part of the run), where, being very closely pressed, and the leading hounds incessantly at him, he made two or three deceptive doubles, and again broke covert. Directing his course for Ryslip Copse, he merely skirted it, and crossed the common for Mad Bess Wood, where he was viewed by the whole body of hounds, who gained very fast upon him, and his inevitable dissolution seemed fast approaching; but summoning a renewal of speed and perseverance, in proportion to the increasing magnitude of his danger, he most gallantly reached the covert, in which, to his great good fortune, he owed his life; for, in a few minutes, a fresh fox was unkennelled, which the hounds unluckily took to; but it was considered imprudent to pursue, and they drew off the hounds, after a most admirable chase of four hours and a half, that may have been equalled, but seldom, if ever, exceeded.

On Saturday, the 1st instant, the same hounds, surrounded by an incredible field of horsemen, threw off at Pollard's Wood, and unkennelled without any unfavourable delay; but the morning being unkind—with a fluctuating scent—after an hour's variegated, dull, and unentertaining chase, they relinquished longer pursuit. In drawing the small coverts, a fox was chopped by the hounds, without a gallop or view! Blood, without a chase, proving a stimulus to farther exertion, the furze fields were drawn without success, as was the coverts at Charleywood Common, and back to Sir Henry Gotts, without a single challenge to promise a prospect of success. In this dilemma of despondency to so full a field, it was agreed *nem. con.* to go for Hodge Moor, at two miles distance. Into this the hounds were thrown at half past one, and dashing most boldly with the very appetite of a morning, in less than five minutes unkennelled their fox in a style of gallantry and speed equal to the

the most brilliant conception. Disdaining the idea of safety from the sheltering confines of a covert, he broke away in full view of the company, and in a seeming and confident contempt of the hounds, heading them considerably through a great variety of small coverts and inclosures, till reaching Holtspur Heath, where he was unintentionally headed, and passing over intervening parts of the country, too minute to detail, he then made for Hall Barn, crossed the park coverts, and on for Hedgley and Farnham Common, which running over, he passed through the inclosures for Sydenham Court, when it became so dark that no sportsman could see to ride with safety, and the hounds were necessarily halloo'd off, after a most severe run of three hours and a half, during which one horse lost his life in the field, and numbers who were heroes at the head in the morning, were truly *non est inventus* at night.

CORBET's FOX HOUNDS.

ON Friday, the 7th inst. these excellent, steady, and well seasoned hounds, afforded a most delectable gratification to the elated expectations of the eager amateurs of fox hunting in a certain district of Warwickshire. Throwing off at Wellesbourne pastures, they almost immediately found, and Reynard almost as expeditiously broke covert in view: after passing through Wellesbourne Wood, the fox made for Walton, and from thence nearly reaching Compton, pointed for Edge Hill; when, to the right of Kineton, he turned by Ox Hill to Pillerton, and after passing thro' Blackmartin and Eatington Park, crossed the Stower at Newbolt in Worcestershire; then running by Ampscott and Wimestone Lays, entered Gloucestershire, and leaving Preston Bushes and Quinton just to the right, passed over Mein Hill, and stretched across part of the vale of Evesham, through the fine old pastures of Mickleton, Norton, and Aston; where being severely pressed, he was at length tailyhoed, and most delightfully ran into, at the village of Weston, about a mile from Broadway. This severe and astonishing run was of three hours duration, with only one check, of not more than five minutes continuance. The place where the fox was killed is about sixteen miles from where he was found, and more than twenty from the farthest point he had ran in the course of the chase. Of nearly an hundred horsemen who were present at the throwing off, fifteen were up, or in view at the death. These hounds have had the greatest succession of excellent runs, within three weeks, ever remembered by the oldest and most experienced fox hunter in any part of Warwickshire.

PANTOMIMIC SPORTING;

OR,

"All's Fish that comes to Net."

ON Thursday, the 20th inst, the hounds of James Cooke, Esq. of Cuckfield, in Sussex, threw off and unkenneled a fox near Bolnore, who had long committed frequent depredations in that neighbourhood; when after a very fair and handsome run of fifteen miles across the country, they ran into him, and killed in a style that would have redounded to the credit of packs in a higher degree of celebrity. They afterwards, a little degrading to the true and unsullied dignity of fox hunting, descended, at the request of some newly-coined sportsmen present, to vary

vary their sport and draw for hares, of which two were found, both of which afforded excellent runs; and, with the termination of their lives, terminated the sports of the day.—Although there was a respectable field in the morning, no more than Henry Martin, the huntsman, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Grainger, were in at the death of the fox. *Quere.*—Does it *improve* hounds of any description to *hunt* and *kill* hare and fox on the same day?

NORTH COUNTRY SPORTING.

ON Monday the 26th ult. Sir M. Sykes's hounds threw off in Major Topham's plantations surrounding the Wold cottage; but not finding as expected, they proceeded to the coverts of Mr. Legard, where a fox was almost immediately viewed, who going away in good style, was unluckily headed by some rustic sportsmen who were coming to join the chase; by which unintentional hit he was turned into a plantation above Wold Newton, where the hounds coming suddenly upon him, he was as soon and as unexpectedly killed. It was upon the spot considered singular, that although there were upwards of fifty horsemen in the field, not more than one farmer—though they were all in Martinmas spirits—was thrown from his horse, or rode over by another. After leaving the foiled ground, the hounds were led on to Sir George Strickland's coverts at Boynton, where a brace of foxes were found in succession; but in consequence of the scents laying so ill, no sport was obtained with either, to the disappointment of Lord Middleton, Sir M. Sykes, and a very great assemblage of the neighbouring gentlemen who were of the party.

FALCONER'S HALL.

ON Wednesday the 28th ult. it had blown most terribly during the night, and in the morning the heights to the south and east were covered with snow, and the morning exceedingly cold: the beagles, however, having succeeded in all weathers, they were thrown off at eleven o'clock, and, after trying for a short time, a sporting hare went away in view from some ling in Weaverthorpe; her colour was exceedingly singular, being fallow-coloured, or dunnish white. The hounds scarcely broke view till she had crossed the Butterwick, and ran very hard through Boythorpe; when going up the south whin bed, two hares were observed in view. The dun one came over the vale with the Colonel, and two brace of hounds at her scut. In this situation, he ordered the huntsman and whipper-in to head the body of hounds, and bring the pack to his halloo. This they could not effect till they had first killed their hare, which they did in about a mile of hard running; when they came back, and the pack were laid upon the line of the two couple, who were at that moment hunting their hare in a large turnip field in Weaverthorpe. After a little cold hunting, they picked it up to the game, who jumping up before the hounds, produced a very fine *entapis*, in which she had a very narrow escape. The hounds being irresistibly eager, there was not a single moment to stop; but, pressed as she was, she took to a small covert of Mr. Ness's, and edged the great whin bed. Here Colonel Thornton and his servants ascended the hill, and the company keeping the vale below, the chase continued with great speed to Mr. Pricket's plantations, skirted them, and passed on to Major Topham's at the same rate;

took

took the full extent of the Grange sheep-walk, down to Foxholes Wold; turned by the Grange inclosures up to Acton plantations, edged them, and came once more across Major Topham's sheep-walk—near his memorable pillar—by his old plantations; then crossed diagonally the whole of Foxholes field, along the Wold for Ganton fox covert. Here the horses were obliged to be pressed, and with some difficulty could be kept near the hounds.

Crossing the Scarborough road above the village of Foxholes, they had gained above 400 yards of the horsemen, when they skirted Ganton fox covert, and made over the Wold for Ganton Dale, where the Colonel caught the first view; and the whole company catching sight, never lost it till she was run up to, and killed handsomely in the open country. The signal of death being loudly proclaimed by the horn, in a short time came up Mr. Parkhurst and the Honourable J. Proby, with their horses pretty much blown; the farmers and others being left in the back ground of the picture, and never appeared.

This was as sporting a chase as can be conceived: it was computed at fourteen miles without a check; all turf, no leap, and run in about forty-three minutes.

The hare being of so singular a colour, affords a sufficient proof that there had been no change. Those who were present are ready to admit, that none but thorough-bred horses can go by the side of these astonishing beagles.

*** From the lateness of our Correspondent, we are sorry to state that a great part of this Article, with the Royal Chase, Mr. Drake's Harriers, Coursing Meetings, and a variety of valuable and interesting Communications, are unavoidably postponed till our next Number.

THOUGHTS

ON

THE PRACTICE OF BETTING IN SUPPORT OF OPINION.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE are few follies so subversive of social happiness, as that of deciding differences of opinion by a bet, yet fewer are more openly or generally practised. Many who would shudder at the idea of being professed gamesters, are too ready to silence all argument and reasoning by an appeal to the purse, and to settle every difference of opinion, by—"What will you bet that you are right?" Whilst this spirit of petty gambling prevails, which frequently disturbs, and sometimes destroys, the harmony of pleasant social circles, I wish to offer what appear to me proper restrictions to the practice amongst gentlemen.

It will most undoubtedly be allowed, that in every fair bet there should be, on each side, at least a possibility of winning; this regulation is necessary to prevent the ignorant or unwary being defrauded, and if attended to, no person offering a bet can have an unfair motive imputed to him, so far, at least, as this rule extends; for if his opponent has no chance to win, he will then have none to lose. This will exclude, from the decision of a bet, all matters of fact and certainty, and all events which have taken place, whether known or unknown to the parties.

Another regulation may be drawn from the hazard tables of public gamesters, where no person can lose a bet contrary to the fair odds.

Surely

Surely no gentleman can fairly propose or accept a bet, if he knows, by certain mathematical demonstration, either from his own skill or the skill of others, that it is not according to the fair odds; whoever does it, is dishonest, however he may attempt to gloss the fraud by calling it judgment, shrewdness or being too deep for his opponent. It is too common for gentlemen to neglect this consideration; but let it be made a rule, and then every loser will make the proper inquiry to prevent, what every man must allow to be unfair, knowledge taking advantage of ignorance. No gentleman can deny, that in betting, each party should have a fair chance of winning; yet apply this test to many, very many of the bets that are paid, and they will be found unfair. It is not sufficient that the parties did not intend to take any advantage of each other; if it is proved that advantage has been taken, the bet ought to be void. Indeed, what gentleman can receive that property to which he is not fairly entitled, from not having risked or given a proper consideration. A man fond of making bets, and let loose upon society, free from the above restraints, is a pest which ought to be banished; his turn of mind leads him to study the disgraceful science of gaming, and his knowledge of the odds will naturally be more correct than many with whom he may associate.

Whether the parties are or are not ignorant of the odds, at the public hazard tables, it is of no consequence; if a bet is made contrary to the odds, it is there always deemed void. Let this rule be made general, and then the custom of betting on every trivial occasion, will be kept within limits that exclude all possibility of fraud or deception; and no gentleman can then look coolly on his friend, from a suspicion that advantage has been unfairly taken.

To make those restrictions binding on all those who wish to be thought gentlemen, can any man of influence, in his circle of society, object publicly to declare his approbation of them, and his intention always to be governed by them? In some cases, possibly a hardship may arise from the observance of such rules; two persons may bet upon some contingency or event which they expect is undetermined, but which may not be so, yet really unknown to them at the time: the winner may think it hard, that by these rules he cannot receive the bet; but is it not far more honourable to submit to the hardship, than to open a way to fraud and deception, or to any suspicion of unfair advantage? No secret information by this regulation can avail, therefore no interruption to the harmony of society can spring from this source.

By these regulations also the subjects and practice of betting will be lessened, and the folly much diminished. Publish, it, then, ye friends to peace and good-will, that you will not consider any bet to be binding—

On events which have happened, and where consequently one party has no chance to win;

On all matters of fact and certainty, for the same reason;—and

On all other subjects, where the fair odds have not been proposed and taken, or fair considerations given and accepted.

Thus you will reduce the objects of a bet to those chances where there is a possibility of either side winning, and remove all suspicion of unfairness, by making it impossible. And thus you will prevent what already has been, and may too probably again be, the causes of much disquiet and ill-will in pleasant societies and friendly circles.

W. I. M.

LAW.

Clerkenwell Sessions.

AN ELECTION ASSAULT.

Monday, Oct. 22.

THIS day the Sessions at Hicks's Hall commenced before Mr. Justice Mainwaring and a full Bench of Justices, when the following trial took place:—

John Warwick and James Holding, two post-boys, were indicted for an assault upon Stephen Lushington, Esq. on the 23d of July last, near Brentford.

Mr. Const opened the case on the part of the prosecution. He stated, that on the first day of the Middlesex election, Mr. Lushington had gone out to Brentford. The jury well knew the noise and tumult that existed during the first day of that election, which was the day on which the assault was committed. After the poll had closed for the evening, Mr. Lushington was returning to town on horseback. In his hat he wore the pale-blue, or Mainwaring colour. Not far from Brentford he came up with the defendants, who were riding to town with some horses, having, in the exercise of their calling, driven out a party on the Brentford road. No sooner did these gentlemen of the whip observe the light blue, than their patriotic choler was excited to such a degree, that without ceremony, or previous declaration of hostile intention, one of them lifted his whip, and struck Mr. Lushington on the face, who might have sustained considerable injury, had he not in some measure warded off the blow with his hands. The other defendant then took part in the fray, and the usual terms of abuse were lavishly bestowed upon the obnoxious Mainwaringer; who, not supposing that much glory was to be acquired in an affair of this sort, galloped off as hard as his horse could carry him. The patriotic post-boys followed, but the Mainwaringer escaped. Having on the way contrived to procure some constables to assist him, he rode through the Park, and stopped at Hyde-Park Corner. He soon perceived his triumphant foes, and called out to them, whether they had not attacked a Mainwaringer on the way. They immediately confessed that they had, not being aware, as it was then duskish, that the Mainwaringer was the questioner. They soon, however, observed their mistake, and set off, but were pursued by the police officers. Getting the start, they shut themselves up in their master's yard, and so escaped for that time. They were, however, seized a few days afterwards. The learned counsel admitted, that great liberties of speech were perhaps allowable in the heat of an election, but when this degenerated into licentiousness, riot, and violence, like the case now before the court, it became necessary to put the laws in force against the offenders, otherwise the most deplorable consequences would follow from the destruction of the freedom of election.

Mr. Lushington, the prosecutor, was then called, and stated the circumstances of the case, pretty nearly as they had been detailed by his counsel.

On his cross-examination by Mr. Alley, he persisted that he was positive as to the persons of the prisoners; and that his questions to them, at Hyde Park Corner, did not proceed from any doubt he had as to their identity.

Mr. Alley, in his defence of the prisoners, chiefly insisted upon the circumstance that Mr. Lushington, from the nature of the question put to them at Hyde-Park Corner, could not have been certain that these were the men who had assaulted him. Nothing could be concluded from the answer which they gave, as they might very well have alluded to a different transaction altogether. In this doubtful state of the case, the balance ought to turn in favour of mercy.

The chairman observed, that the only question for the jury was, whether these were the men who committed the assault.

The jury, after a short consultation, returned a verdict, finding—Both Guilty.

They were sentenced to be imprisoned two months.

Mr. Mainwaring, with a delicacy highly to be commended, gave up the chair to another magistrate during this trial.

SPORTING WITH HUMANITY; OR, SYSTEMATIC SWINDLER.

Exhibited in the Trial of Henry Perfect, for defrauding Lord Clarendon.

HENRY PERFECT was indicted on the statute of Geo. II. for obtaining, by false pretences, a L.2 note from the Earl of Clarendon. The details of this cause exhibited a system of fraud which has been unequalled since the time of the famous Miss Robertson. The prisoner had carried on his depredations on the public for a long time without detection; and, from a memorandum book of his own, it appeared he had duped the credulous public, within the last two years, to the amount of L.488. The plan which he put in practice against the noble prosecutor, was one of the most artful that ingenious wickedness could conceive. The Earl of Clarendon being at his seat near Wade's Mill, Hertfordshire, in the month of July last, received a letter, which was read in evidence. It was signed by a Miss Grant, and stated in substance as follows:—

"That the writer having heard from a lady, whose name she was not at liberty to reveal, the most charming character of his Lordship for kindness and benevolence, she was induced to lay before him a statement of her distressed circumstances. The supposed lady then detailed her case, which was, that she was a native of Jamaica, of affluent and respectable family, that a young man, a Scotchman, and surgeon's mate to a man of war, was introduced at her father's house, who so far ingratiated himself with her father, that he seriously recommended him to her for her husband. She did not like him, because he was proud and for ever vaunting of his high family; but as her father's will has always been a law, she consented, on condition that he would live at Jamaica. They were accordingly married, and her father gave him L.100. He, however, soon became discontented with remaining at Jamaica, and continually importuned her to go with him to Scotland; and as her friends joined in the solicitation, she consented. They had now been six months in England, but her husband always evaded going to Scotland, and left her whenever she spoke upon the subject. In short, he gamed, drank, and

and committed every excess, and within the last six weeks he died in a rapid decline, leaving her a widow with two children, and hourly expecting to be delivered of a third. A lady had given her such a character of his Lordship, that she was induced to implore his assistance. She was not twenty-three years of age, and never knew want till now; but she was left without a shilling to support herself and miserable children; she owed for her husband's funeral, and the apothecary's bill, for which she was afraid of being arrested. To avoid this, she was going to seek shelter with a poor widow in Essex; and if his Lordship would write to her at the post-office at Harlow, if she was put to-bed in the meanwhile, she would get some safe person to go for his Lordship's letter."

His Lorship's answer to this letter evinced the most benevolent heart. He expressed his readiness to alleviate her distress, but justly observed, it ought to be authenticated by something more than the recital of a perfect stranger. He desired to know who the lady was who had recommended the application to him, and assured the writer she need not conceal her, for he considered it was doing him a great kindness to afford him the means of rendering service to the distressed. On the 14th of July his Lordship received a note nearly as follows:—

"Mrs. Smith, widow of Captain Smith, begged leave to inform Lord Clarendon that Mrs. Grant was brought to bed. It was she who recommended Mrs. Grant to Lord Clarendon; while her husband was living, she had frequently been with him on the recruiting service in Hertfordshire, where she had heard of the benevolent character of his Lordship, and recommended Mrs. Grant to state her case to his Lordship. She added, that Capt. Smith, when in Jamaica, had frequently visited Mrs. Grant's father, who was a person of great wealth; that she had herself done more than she could afford, for an amiable and unfortunate young woman. She had no doubt, but that as soon as she could receive an answer from Jamaica, Mrs. Grant's father would send her abundant relief; but till then, she might, without the friendship of some one, be totally lost."

In consequence of this last note his Lordship returned an answer, and inclosed a draft for five guineas, offering at the same time to write to any person at Harlow who might be of assistance to her, particularly to any medical person. On July 23d, the supposed Mrs. Grant writes again to his Lordship, acknowledges the receipt of L.5 : 5, and states that she had the offer of a passage home; she wishes to see his Lordship, to return her grateful thanks, &c. at the same time she is extremely delicate lest their meeting should be misconstrued by a malignant world, and entreats it may take place at a little distance from town. The answer to this letter she begs may be addressed to A. B. C. at George's coffee-house, to which place she will send for it. His Lordship, at her request, wrote an answer, and appointed the Bell-Inn, at Kilburn. Before, however, the arrival of the the day of meeting, his Lordship received another letter from Mrs. Grant, stating, that ever since she came to town she had met nothing but trouble. Her last child had died, and she was seized with a milk fever, that she had twelve shillings left of his Lordship's and Mrs. Smith's bounty, when she came to town; that she was afraid of coming farther than Whitechapel, lest her creditors might arrest her, where she was at present miserably

serably lodged in only one room. She concluded with a request of the loan of L.5, to be inclosed in a note addressed to Mr. Paul, to be left at the Saracen's Head Inn, Aldgate. His Lordship in reply to this note, sent the money requested, and, with great humanity, condoles on her supposed situation. He then proposes to take her into the country, where she may live quiet and free of expence until he hears from her friends. The next letter introduces another actor on the stage. It comes from the Rev. H. Paul. Mr. Paul, at the desire of Mrs. Grant, who is then delirious, acknowledges the receipt of L.5. He will write again, and say any thing Mrs. Grant may dictate in a lucid interval. He begs his answer may be left at the Chapter coffee-house. His Lordship accordingly writes to the Rev. H. Paul, with particular inquiries after the state of Mrs. Grant, and proposes to send her proper medical assistance. The Rev. Mr. Paul again replies to his letter, and states the nature of Mrs. Grant's complaint, which was of a delicate nature. He then states the high notions of Mrs. Grant, who will condescend to see any person from his Lordship, in her present wretched state. She says her situation is such that it is not delicate to admit any one to see her but those absolutely necessary. Mr. Paul has therefore promised not to divulge her residence; but, in her lucid intervals, she expresses the utmost anxiety to be enabled to thank her benefactor.

This correspondence produced a meeting between the supposed Rev. H. Paul and his Lordship, which took place at the Bell Inn, at Kilburn, on the 8th of August. The prisoner then introduced himself to his Lordship as the Rev. Henry Paul. They entered into conversation on the subject of Mrs. Grant, when his Lordship asked every question as to her situation, with a view to alleviate it. Mr. Paul said he had not seen her distinctly, for the curtains were closed round her, but the opium had had an effect which he had known it frequently to produce. It had given her eyes a more than usual brilliancy. With respect to her lodging, it was a very small room. The woman who attended her seemed a good sort of a woman enough, and she was also attended by a surgeon or apothecary. With respect to himself, he said, he had been educated at Westminster and Oxford, and had the living of St. Kitt's, in Jamaica; that he had property in Ireland, and was going to America on private business. To his Lordship's question how he was so fortunate as to meet the young woman, he replied it was by accident, that quite looked like a romance. He was coming to town in the Ongar stage, in which was a young woman, two children, and a lady, all in mourning. He entered into conversation with her, and was surprised to find her the daughter of a person at whose house, in Jamaica, he had himself been frequently received with kindness. Although his business pressed, he determined to stay and afford her some assistance. He then stated, that he had that day given her a L.2 note, which his Lordship, at this interview, returned—being the note on which the indictment was founded.—He added, that Mrs. Grant's father was extremely affluent, and he should not wonder if he was to remit L.500 at the first intelligence of his daughter's situation. His Lordship added, that he expressed himself in the language of the purest truth and benevolence; and, as he appeared a well-educated gentleman, who had seen the world, his Lordship had no suspicion

picion of the fraud. After this interview, a correspondence ensued between Mr. Paul and his Lordship, the former informing his Lordship daily of the state of Mrs. Grant's health, accompanied with requests for linen, poultry, fruit, and wine, all of which were supplied by the bounty of his Lordship. At length Mrs. Grant is sufficiently recovered to write to his Lordship; she tells him, but that for the kind assistance of the Rev. Mr. Paul, she should have been lost: and although she is ordered by her medical attendant, to keep herself perfectly quiet, yet she sits up in bed to write to his Lordship, and anticipates the pleasure of meeting her benefactor. The last letter from Mr. Paul was dated Aug. 13. He acknowledges the receipt of L.6 : 2, which had been expended for Mrs. Grant, and tells his Lordship, that the sheets which had been sent, had, by some accident, been near brimstone, which affected Mrs. Grant very much; that her situation required fine old linen, if his Lordship had any such. He apologizes, if there be any inaccuracy in his letter, because he had a head-ache and some degree of fever.

The farce now began to draw to its conclusion. His Lordship received another letter from Mrs. Grant, dated Saturday, August 11, in which he says—"Last Saturday her father's sister came to town, and found her out. She was a sour old lady, a man-hater, and snarled at the whole sex. She had taken Mrs. Grant into the country with her, although she was removed at the peril of her life. The lady she was with was nearly as bad as her aunt; but as the latter was going out for a few days, her Argus would let her come to town, which would enable her to meet his Lordship. As her ill-tempered aunt had given her neither money nor clothes, she begged L.4 of his Lordship. If this opportunity was lost, she should never be able to see him, as her aunt was a vigilant guarded woman, and hated the men so much, that at the first entrance into her room, finding the Rev. Mr. Paul there, she most grossly affronted him. She could not have any letter addressed in her own name, lest it should fall into the hands of her aunt, and therefore begged his Lordship to direct to Mrs. Harriet, post-office, Waltham."

His Lordship, in his answer to this letter, expressed some suspicions that he had been duped; in answer to which Mrs. Grant thanks Lord Clarendon for his favours, is sorry to think he should conceive himself to have been duped, but he will find his mistake when she gets home to the West Indies. In a postscript she adds—"That best of men, Mr. Paul, died suddenly on Saturday last."

This closed the intercourse between his Lordship and his correspondents, Mrs. Grant and Mr. Paul. Soon afterwards he received another letter from a Rev. Mr. Bennett, setting forth a deplorable tale of misery; but his suspicions being awakened, he employed his steward to trace the supposed Rev. Mr. Bennett, when it turned out to be the prisoner at the bar, who had imposed himself on his Lordship as the Rev. Mr. Paul, that "best of men, whom Mrs. Grant stated to have died suddenly." His lodgings being searched, two books were found in his hand-writing, one of them an account of money received, by which it appeared, that by these swindling practices he had plundered the public to the amount of L.488 within the last two years. The other was an outline, or transcript, of all the letters he wrote, with memorandums in what hands he

he wrote them. Thus, Mrs. Grant's first letter had the following note—small running hand—Mrs. Smith's, left hand—Mr. Paul's, large right-hand flourished—so that, by referring to these notes, he always preserved consistency in his feigned hands.

The jury found him guilty—and the court immediately sentenced him to seven years transportation.

CRIM. CON.

Court of King's Bench.

CHAMBERS v. CAULFIELD.

THIS was an action for damages, which were laid at L.10,000, for criminal correspondence between the defendant and the plaintiff's wife.

Mr. Erskine said, that the plaintiff in this case was the son of Sir William Chambers, the celebrated architect, and his wife was the daughter of the gallant Lord Rodney, whom he had married at the age of eighteen. The plaintiff, at the time of his marriage, was nearly of the same age, and having contracted a mutual attachment for each other, the parties made an excursion to the north, where they were united. On their return, their parents having given their consent, they were regularly married according to the form of the Church of England. For many years they had lived together, happy in the affections of each other, and had issue no fewer than nine children—eight boys and one girl. Mrs. Chambers was a lady of the greatest beauty and accomplishments, and of the most fascinating and endearing manners; and although she had had a family of nine children, her beauty was not much less at the present moment than it had been in those happier days, when, before she had seen the present defendant, she was equally adorned by beauty and virtue. The defendant was a gay fashionable man of the world, who, possessing talents calculated to make him shine in public, had appeared on the stage, not as a professional, but as an amateur performer—a character which, the gentlemen of the jury must be aware, if at all addicted to gallantry, is doubly formidable, when joined to what the defendant unquestionably possessed, a winning and fascinating address. The parties saw each other at a ball at Huntingdon. At what time their gallantries had actually commenced, the plaintiff was not in a condition to prove. Soon after their acquaintance, however, he observed a change in the conduct of of his wife. Disputes arose—she wished to quit the plaintiff's house, and actually did quit it. Being fond of her, he attempted to induce her to return, but her connection with the defendant rendered his efforts abortive. He was called to the Helder in the service of his country, and his health requiring him to return sooner than was expected, he found his wife much agitated, and plainly perceived that her affections were alienated from him. She next day left his house, with a child five or six months old, never to return; and had since lived in a state of open adultery with the defendant. The plaintiff had no reason to suspect his wife of any departure from duty, or of having violated the marriage bed, till she was seduced by the defendant. In thus stating to the jury the circumstances of the case, the learned counsel thought he had sufficiently done his duty. It was not necessary for him to point out the nature of

of this offence to men who were husbands themselves, or who stood in the other relations of social life, to enable them to feel and judge of the depth of the defendant's atrocity. If he should be able to shew that the plaintiff had married his wife, the daughter of so great a man, when they were both young; that they had since lived happily; and, but for the defendant, might have been comfortable in the enjoyment of each other, and of their tender family, at this moment, it would be impossible not to say that it was a case which called for the serious consideration of the Jury. From this case it would be impossible to move him, unless the defendant could shew something on the part of the husband which could warrant the adulterer in approaching and undermining the citadel of the wife's virtue. If such should be attempted, he would have an opportunity of answering it. He understood a defence of some kind was to be set up. He should hear it, and should give it the answer it seemed to deserve.

Mrs. Cotten, the sister of the plaintiff, proved she was present at the marriage of her brother with Miss Jane Rodney, daughter of Lord Rodney, in the parish church of Croft, in the county of Durham, in July, 1784.

The Rev. John Walker swore, that he lived near the house of the plaintiff, which was at Harford, near Huntingdon. He discharged the office of tutor to the children of Mr. and Mrs. Chambers upwards of eight years, during which time he saw Mr. and Mrs. Chambers frequently; he dined with them about once a week, or sometimes once a fortnight. At one time he had only two of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Chambers under his care, but as they grew up he had seven or eight. They lived happily together the greatest part of the time, but he quitted the family two years ago.

Mary Little swore, that she lived servant in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Chambers from the year 1797 to the year 1802, having the care of the children and the household accounts. They appeared to live very happily together. Mrs. Chambers was at that time attentive and affectionate to her children, who were nine in number, eight boys and a girl. It was in 1798 that she observed a change in the behaviour of Mrs. Chambers towards her husband and her children. She then began to be a great deal absent from her family, and flirted with other gentlemen, but she did not hear her husband express any uneasiness on that ground, but she believed he did. In 1801, while they were at Harford, Captain Caulfield used to visit them, but she did not see any thing to excite suspicion between Captain Caulfield and her mistress before her master went abroad, except once, that she saw her mistress and Captain Caulfield sitting on a sofa together while her master was out, but she did not know her master ever knew of it, or that he ever knew of any thing to alarm his suspicion before he went to the Helder. They appeared to live happily together, and he was a very fond indulgent husband. It was about half a year before Mr. Chambers went to the Helder that she saw her mistress and Captain Caulfield sitting together on the sofa; but she observed Captain Caulfield visit her mistress very frequently while her master was abroad, and went with him to London. He came to her at Harford, and used to stay to a late hour at night, until ten or eleven o'clock, and after all the servants were gone to bed, and used to appear in the house early the following morning, so that they all concluded he must

have

have staid all night. After this, her mistress became much less attentive to her children, and once she refused to let the witness into her bed-chamber, to fetch some medicine for one of the children, who was unwell, but she brought it to her in the drawing-room; and shortly afterwards Captain Caulfield appeared. She never was witness to any criminal familiarities between her mistress and Captain Caulfield, but she strongly suspected it at this time. Her mistress's two sisters, Mrs. Munday, and a single lady, lived with her while Mr. Chambers was abroad.

Mary Smith, the chambermaid of Mr. Chambers, gave a long account of Mrs. Chambers and Capt. Caulfield having, after this, lived in the same house together, in various places, at Bury St. Edmund's, at Merlin's, Hanover-square, at Fulham, at Chertsey, at Mint Farm, at Reigate, at neither of which would she say they bedded together; but at last she admitted it; but this part of the case was not interesting to the issue, since the parties are now living in open adultery.

Mr. Dallas, in a very able speech, proceeded upon the defence of Captain Caulfield, and said the question, with respect to the defendant, was undoubtedly of the greatest importance. He then commented upon the evidence of Mary Little, contending, that it did not afford any proof of seduction by the defendant, and was a little surprised that a lady, so nearly related as the plaintiff's own sister, should not have been asked one question as to the manner in which the plaintiff and his wife had lived together. After several comments upon what fell from Mr. Erskine, &c. he produced several letters in the hand-writing of the plaintiff, which he read; some of them previous to the time when there was any pretence that the defendant even knew the lady.—The first letter was in May 1798, from the plaintiff to his wife, and ran thus:

"I am really so shocked and ashamed that I cannot come home. Act as you like in every respect, and be assured it will meet with my approbation—you must fix your own income, I will endeavour to comply with it—you will be pleased to order my servant to do any thing you like. I hope you will not take, if you go, one of the chaises, as it will subject me to L.40 tax, but I think you had better stay—if you do, be assured that I will not molest you."

The second letter was also from the plaintiff to his wife, and it was written on the 2d of June, in the same year; not that any of the letters were dated; but they were franked, as Mr. Chambers was then in parliament, and by the franks the dates appeared. That letter was as follows:—

"My dear Jane—What sensations your lovely letter has caused in me, who have this instant received it!—Be assured, if you will only trust me again, you never shall receive any personal violence."

Another letter, on the 6th of June:—

"Madam—I am sorry you still persist in not returning to your family—I could make you an affectionate husband, if you choose to return—I am much hurt at your perseverance, &c."

and assuring her, if she returned, he would never offer her personal violence again, and wishing her to make one experiment more, by returning to her family.

Then came a deed of separation, dated the 18th of August, 1798, between George Chambers, the plaintiff,

plaintiff, of the first part; Jane Chambers, his wife, of the second part; the Right Honourable George Lord Rodney, and John Rodney of the third part; and John Milbank, of the fourth part: reciting, that whereas, differences have lately arisen between the said George, and Jane his wife, and to induce her to continue to live with him, he engages to treat her with due kindness and regard, and covenanting that she should be at liberty, if she found it necessary, to live separate from him; providing for her an annuity, &c. in such case; but in this deed there is a proviso, "That in case a separation shall take place between the said George Chambers and Jane his wife, such separation shall not be to the prejudice or hinderance of the said George Chambers, or Jane his wife, from instituting or prosecuting any action, suit, or remedy, either in law or equity, which he or she should have been entitled unto, in case no such separation had taken place."

By the execution of this deed, Mr. Dallas contended, Mr. Chambers had signed and sealed his own disgrace, for he thereby admitted that his conduct towards his wife, who had repeatedly forgiven him, was so violent and brutal, that nothing but a covenant by deed under his hand and seal, could give her security against the return of it.

There was another letter from this gentleman to his much injured wife:—

"My dear Jane—I only ask forgiveness and your affection this once," &c.

And then owning his faults again, and admitting that he had treated her most cruelly; by all of which documents, Mr. Dallas submitted, that the plaintiff had himself alienated the affections of his wife, and could not therefore maintain this action for the loss of the comfort of her society, by the arts of another person, when he himself was the cause of that loss; for which reason the defendant he submitted, under the direction of the noble and learned Judge, was entitled to a verdict.

Mr. Erskine then rose in reply, with strong marks of indignation, and in one of the most able and eloquent speeches ever made in a court of Justice, insisted that nothing which had been given in evidence, or had been urged by his learned friend, had removed him from his claims for serious damages; and observed, that the most infamous reports had been circulated by this defendant, in order to deter the plaintiff from seekin gthe redress to which he was entitled at the bar of his country. By the instructions with which his learned friend was supplied, he was now made acquainted with the corrupt fountain from which they issued.—This profligate adulterer, reposing in the arms of this beautiful and unfortunate woman, had prostituted the confidence to which he was admitted; had ransacked the papers in her possession, in order to convert the proofs of the ardent affections of her husband into instruments of destruction to the man over whom he triumphed. This on a thousand occasions, he had called the adulterer's course: if it were sometimes the race of success, it was always the path of infamy. If Mr. Chambers had been guilty of any misconduct; if he had frequented gaming-houses and brothels; if be had practised the arts and the vices of the spendthrift and the debauchee, abundant testimony would have been afforded, of which his learned friend might have availed himself, in order to shew that the profligacy of the plaintiff

plaintiff rendered him unworthy of the affection of his accomplished wife. But not a tittle of evidence had been adduced, notwithstanding all the advantages with which the Counsel were supplied; they had contented themselves with allusions made by the plaintiff, in the noble and generous spirit of repentance, which itself argued he was incapable of the offences with which he was charged. He maintained that nothing serious in the way of quarrel had taken place between this gentleman and his wife, whom he loved to distraction, until the arts of seduction of the defendant had alienated her mind. And although the injured husband did not know it, these arts had operated on her before he could be aware of the cause of it, and to this it was owing that the defendant had written those letters. Suppose in the moment of inebriety, either from the effects of wine, or from the more deadly poison of jealousy, he had done what had been represented; and was the fine picture, drawn by the masterly hand of the sublime artist of our country, to be forgotten? and were the human passions never to be respected? Listen to the voice of the noble Moor; in the excess of his passion he exclaims—

> "Oh monstrous! I will tear her limb from limb."

Then driven alternately by hope and fear—

> "By the world,——
> I think my wife is honest, and think she is not;
> I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
> I'll have some proof. My name, that was as fresh
> As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
> As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
> Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
> I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied."
>
> OTHELLO.

Such were the feelings of a great and generous mind under the dominion of this tormenting passion! This demon had been driven from hell to transfer its fires into the breast of this victim. A lady of noble alliance is conducted from town to town, and exposed in a state of prostitution to the ridicule of fools, to the compassion of the wise, and to the contempt of all. A soldier returning from the field of battle to the embraces of the object of his early affection, is rejected with disdain; he is deprived of that society which had converted the days of trouble into a season of uninterrupted felicity; and for the loss he has sustained, he claims reparation from the honour and the justice of his country,

Lord Ellenborough—to the Jury. "After this brilliant display of talent and eloquence, it becomes us to withdraw ourselves from the influence of the passions, and to inquire into the facts as sober and reasonable men. It seems to me, the gentlemen on each side have assumed propositions, stronger than the evidence will support, in favour of their respective clients. On the part of the defendant, it is argued, that this deed of reconciliation is to be considered as a complete renunciation of the right of the defendant to the society of his wife, so as to preclude him from a right of action under the present circumstances. Perhaps articles might be so framed as to reach to this extent, but these are not of that description, and they were formed with a view to the increase, at least, of the mutual happiness of both the wife and the husband; but the latter, however, puts himself so far in the power of his wife, as to admit her to withdraw, whenever her

her discretion should dictate her doing so. On the other side, too much is charged against the defendant, when they say he was the sole cause of the alienation of the affections of the wife; for, attending to the dates of the documents produced, we cannot avoid seeing, that as early as May, 1798, before Capt. Caulfield had access to the house, very serious differences prevailed in the family. Even in the most correct domestic circle, from the occasional ebullitions of ill-temper, disputes will arise, and it by no means is a necessary consequence, that because family quarrels sometimes take place, the door is to be thrown open to every adulterer, and our courts are to be closed upon the claimants seeking redress for the injury he has sustained. The question then is, in what degree the defendant was instrumental in erecting or heightening these tests."—His Lordship here entered into the particulars of the evidence, both on the part of the plaintiff and defendant, and concluded with these observations:—

"We certainly have the confession of the plaintiff, that in the early state of these disagreements, he was the sole cause. You will therefore, consider, if by his own misconduct, he has destroyed the affections of his wife. If he has deprived her of that love and attachment, which are the best guardians of female honour, this will materially affect the proportion of damages to be assigned. But this will not excuse the man, who by his misconduct, has rendered reconciliation impossible. To the extent to which the plaintiff has suffered real injury, he will expect at your hands reparation."

The Jury having withdrawn, in less than half an hour returned with a verdict for the plaintiff—L.2000.

ANOTHER CRIM. CON.

King's Bench, Dec. 8.

DENNISS *v.* DENNISS.

THE pleadings were opened by Mr. Curwood. He said, it was charged, that, in January, 1796, and at divers times since that period, the defendant had criminal knowledge of the wife of the plaintiff. The damages were laid at L.20,000. The defendant pleaded not guilty; and thereupon issue was joined.

Mr. Erskine, for the plaintiff, said that his client left England, for the West Indies, where he was engaged in perilous and meritorious services, for the protection of the rights of this country. The plaintiff and the defendant were of the same name, and it shocked him to add that they were brothers. When the jury had considered the foundation on which this action was supported, they would seriously regret that the misconduct of the defendant could not be made the ground of a criminal proceeding; that, instead of involving a mere pecuniary compensation, it might be placed under the cognizance of the penal code, as a heavy misdemeanour. He feared, he represented at this moment the most unfortunate individual in the long catalogue of the human race. When the plaintiff married, on the 3d of October, 1787, he was a Lieutenant in the 43d Regiment of Foot, which, at a future period, he was appointed to command. Happening to be quartered at Windsor, he became acquainted with the accomplished Miss Mary Gladwin. His passions were soon inflamed, and he solicited her guardians to consent to his marriage with this Lady. Their concurrence was not obtained, and

an expedition to the north removed all obstructions to his happiness. A reconciliation subsequently took place, and perfect harmony was restored. Posterior to this time, the regiment was ordered to Ireland. The plaintiff went over with his wife, and continued there for a considerable period, in a state of uninterrupted felicity. While they were on the Western Isle, the plaintiff received a letter, informing him of the arrival of his brother in England. In consequence of this event, the plaintiff introduced his brother into his regiment, first in the rank of ensign, and afterwards in the situation of lieutenant; and he also received him, with all the feelings of fraternal affection, into the bosom of his family. Both the brothers were natives of the island of Jamaica. In 1797, the regiment was ordered on foreign service. The domestic affections were now to be resigned for an interval, at the loud call of public duty. The plaintiff quitted this country, leaving his wife to the care of his brother—and to whom could she be more properly confided? for the plaintiff had not only the claim resulting from natural relation, but from gratitude, by the services rendered the defendant, to facilitate his introduction into life. After his departure, the plaintiff was informed, his wife had visited, with his brother, Bath, Bristol, and various other places of public amusement and dissipation. She complained, in her letters, of indisposition; and her husband had since too much reason to believe that she was then pregnant of a child, of which he could not be the father. Some insubordination prevailing in the regiment in the West-Indies, from a cause it was unnecessary to explain, General Cameron became his bitterest enemy. This officer exercised continued malice, and challenged him to fight; an offer which the plaintiff had the fortitude to reject. He was brought before a court martial for his refusal, and was honourably acquitted. At last the General could be restrained within no limits of decency; he insulted the plaintiff at the head of his regiment; they met, they fought, and Cameron fell a victim to his own impetuous passions. Military law in these cases is extremely rigid; in consequence, therefore, of this affair, the plaintiff was removed from his command. Thus circumstanced, he returned to England, and by the Duke of York has been appointed assistant barack-master, in which capacity he is now stationed, at Newcastle-upon Tyne. On re-visiting England, he flew to the arms of his wife, having no cause of suspicion—for who could suspect a brother? She then resided in Wales with his brother; he went there, and they all came to town together, and engaged a suite of apartments at Fladong's Hotel. He observed, that she did not accompany him to bed at the usual hour; and if the brother were out at unseasonable times, she waited for him, and thought it sufficient to say, he had been accustomed to this attention, and now expected it; but yet the plaintiff's mind was disturbed by no jealousy. One night, however, he had fallen asleep, and waking, did not find his wife by his side, he struck his repeater, it was three in the morning; he then came down, discovered his wife with a candle in her hand, opening a door, and his brother making his escape out of another door of the same room. He then charged her with improper behaviour, to which she made this reply—"What, Sir, are you so base as to suspect me with your brother?" The answer seemed

seemed perfectly natural, for all the moral feelings of man, at the very idea, become in a state of revolt. In consequence of this accident, he deemed it necessary to make inquiries. These, as the jury would hear by the depositions of two witnesses, domestics in the family, terminated in the fatal disclosure, that after he obeyed the mandate of public duty, his brother constantly maintained with his wife the adulterous intercourse charged in the declaration. "I confess," said the learned pleader, "it is with great mortification I submit this case to your attention, because it exposes a degree of enormity, which disgusts us with humanity itself, and disposes us to resign life as a possession not worth our care." The witnesses were then called.

Major Highmore said, he was present at the plaintiff's marriage with his wife's niece, Miss Mary Gladwin; they were married at St. James's church, Piccadilly, on the 3d of October, 1787; they were once or twice staying at his house; they appeared an affectionate couple, and happy in each other's society.

Mrs. Cameron—the widow of the General—was greatly agitated while giving her evidence; she was acquainted with the plaintiff and his wife, from the time of the marriage to 1793, and they always appeared affectionate and happy.

Mr. Waugh, surgeon in the Invalids, said, he had been acquainted with the plaintiff twenty years. The plaintiff was eighteen, and Mrs. Denniss seventeen, when they married: he was successively advanced to the rank of Captain, Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel of his own regiment; he had much opportunity of observation, and he thought them mutually attached to each other.

Major Cameron had been acquainted with the plaintiff since the year 1786, and was intimate in his family. He appeared an indulgent and fond husband. He went to Ireland with the plaintiff, and afterwards, in 1797, to the West Indies with him. In 1800, on his voyage to England, the plaintiff was taken prisoner, and detained in France.

Being cross-examined by Mr. Gibbs, the witness said, that he had no reason to think colonel Denniss was embarrassed in his circumstances. He said the plaintiff had a Mulatto woman frequently at his house, but he did not know there was any improper intercourse. She had no child by him; at least the circumstance never came to the knowledge of the witness. On his re-examination, Major Cameron said, "I think I never saw any thing in his conduct with regard to women, which, if properly represented, could have alarmed the affections of his wife."

Mr. Chamberlain said, he was clerk to Messrs. Ross and Ogilvie, army agents, in 1797; that the plaintiff left ample provision for his wife, according to his circumstances; that in one year they paid her about L.300; and such were the plaintiff's instructions, that either with or without funds, they would have honoured her draft to any amount.

Eleanor Brookie underwent a long examination. Her name was Nelly Murphy, when she lived in the family of the plaintiff in 1793, in the capacity of nursery maid. She was then unmarried. She was with them at Yaugh, in the county of Cork. She was afterwards lady's maid. The plaintiff was fond of being at home in his family, had three children, and was an affectionate and tender father; was an excellent housekeeper, and lived in

in a creditable manner. On his brother coming from Jamaica, the plaintiff went to England to meet him, and brought him into his family in Ireland. Her master left Ireland to go to the West Indies in 1797, and the witness continued in the family for three or four months afterwards. She had seen Mrs. Dennis and the defendant kiss each other; she never saw any thing indecent between them, when the husband was present. She had no reason to think the plaintiff suspected any thing improper, as the brothers lived in the greatest harmony together. When the defendant was in Dublin, he received intelligence of the death of his wife. He then kept his room for two or three days. The witness there saw her mistress with her arms about his neck. It was reported that his wife had died of a broken heart; and the plaintiff's wife said, alluding to this, she should break her heart too, if any thing happened to the defendant. After this the plaintiff came with his wife and brother to England, and had a house ready furnished, in Prince's-street, Cavendish-square; and after staying a month, the family went into Monmouthshire, where the 43d regiment was in quarters. Afterwards they all went to Devonshire; and for her accommodation during his absence, a place was taken near Exeter, called County-square-House. After the plaintiff left England, the familiarities increased. The witness was in the habit of going to market, and usually had the list of provisions wanted, and the money for the purchase, given to her in the morning: not having received it at the usual time, she went into Mrs. Denniss's bed-room, where she did not find her mistress, nor in the dressing-room; but as the witness was returning, she saw her coming out of the defendant's bed-room. On her cross-examination by Mr. Gibbs, she made little variation in her evidence; and no new fact transpired, excepting that she was suddenly sent away at a *non-plus*.

Mary Taylor was wife of a serjeant in the 43d; she came up yesterday from Hythe, in a post chaise and four. She was cook in the plaintiff's family in 1794; was with them in lodgings at Waterford, and during all the time she lived with them, the plaintiff conducted himself with tenderness to his lady, and no better husband could exist in England or in Ireland. After the defendant came into the family, she observed improper intercourse between him and her mistress. Mrs. Denniss was fond, and was always giggling with him, excepting when the plaintiff was present. She had seen them sitting together, with her head on his bosom, and his on her's. She had seen the lady go into the bedchamber of the defendant, in the morning before he rose, many times.

Mr. Gibbs, for the defendant, addressed the jury; he said he perfectly coincided with the sentiment of his learned friend, that no damages for the crime could be too great, if the offence charged were supported by incontestable evidence; but in proportion to the enormity of the act, must be their reluctance to credit the testimony of its perpetration. It would occur to them, that the facts alluded to were as long ago as the year 1797, and even 1793. To the latter period, the depositions of Nelly Murphy extended; it was seen that she was sent away at a *non-plus*; and both from the manner of giving her evidence, and the circumstance of her dismission, it would be easily collected, that she was under the influence ofr esentment. Another particular which affected

affected the credibility of this witness, was, that although she knew of this criminal intercourse, she made no communication of the fact to her master. The depositions of Mary Taylor were also exceptionable. On the whole, he contended that the crime itself must surpass all human belief, unless the mind was vanquished by the most prominent and distinguished evidence; and no testimony approaching to this bold and determined character had been adduced. In addition to this, he had the most positive and solemn assurance from his client, that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge.

Lord Ellenborough explained the nature of the action, and then said, "There are two questions for your consideration: first, if there has been such a criminal intercourse? and if it has existed, what should be the quantum of damages? The extreme improbability of such a connection, is admitted on all hands; but if you are satisfied that the offence has been committed, that very improbability supplies the motive for the aggravation of damages. It is singular, that from among the numerous attendants on the family, since the absence of the plaintiff, no evidence has been adduced to the general demeanour of the defendant. I do not feel much force in the remark of the learned counsel, on the evidence of Eleanor Brookie; but even this objection does not apply to Mary Taylor, as she could not have an opportunity, residing in the family when the husband was absent, of making the communication supposed." After commenting at considerable length on the various parts and circumstances of the proofs, his Lordship concluded with observing, "If you think the testimony of Eleanor Brookie confirmed by Mary Taylor, you can hardly suppose the intercourse has not taken place; and if the crime has been committed, I am quite at a loss to conjecture what damages should be assigned."

The jury having retired for about fifteen minutes, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages L.5000.

THE BONDSTREET LOUNGERS' WONDERFUL CURE.

DOCTOR D—, a country physician, lately paid a visit at an ancient family seat in Wales.—It was the abode of an old couple, whom he had attended for upwards of twenty years. They ranked more among his friends than his patients; for with air, exercise, temperance, and good constitutions, they had sunk into the vale of life almost unannoyed by its usual infirmities. It was therefore, with some surprise the Doctor found his old friends, at twelve o'clock of a burning day, seated opposite each other at the fire side, in their arm chairs and night caps, with dejected looks and in mournful silence By a sort of instinct peculiar to the sons of Galen, the Doctor immediately applied to the pulse for a solution. No pulses could be more regular, "Dear me! no bad news, I hope?" "Ah! Doctor" exclaimed Mrs. B. "None can escape the infirmities of old age."—"Well Madam, but pray what is the matter?" subjoined the Doctor. "Oh Doctor, we are both deaf!"—"Deaf! impossible! you seem to hear me perfectly."—"Yes" said Mrs. B. "we have a few intervals, and this is one of them; but in general we are so deaf, that we could not hear you speaking across the table."—"Indeed," interrupted Mr. B. "it was not for ourselves we sent for you Doctor,

Doctor, but for our dear grand children, who are come down from London to see us. They are so fallen away, that they are ready to slip through their clothes; and though their lungs, I fear have been hurt, by striving to make us hear them, yet their loudest speaking is to us only a faint sickly whine.—Poor Boys! you knew their mother Doctor; she died of a consumption this time seven years, at Tenby.—Poor Boys! they will soon follow her!"—"Ah," added the old lady—weeping, "misfortunes never come alone. It was the very first day of their arrival our deafness came upon us." At this instant, the parlour door opened, and in stalked two tall, raw-boned, meagre, but athletic fellows, in huge Austrian boots and trunk breeches. They took no notice of the company, but threw themselves upon an old settee, with an air of sickness and lassitude. "Ah Doctor," exclaimed the old man, "there was once a limb for you"—all this time the elder of the two, in a reclining posture, was tapping his leg and thigh with a little crooked cane, which he had taken out of his pocket;—"but come, I must introduce you to your patients." So saying, he rose, and taking the Doctor by the hand, he brought him over to the settee; and adressing the young gentlemen, said, "My dear boys, this is our old friend, Doctor Dubb, whom you have so often heard us speak of." The young gentlemen rose, with an air of indifference, and half averted eyes, and in a whispering, consumptive tone of voice, both said, or seemed to say: "*Sa I va ga see ya, Plilinha, Sa*"—Sir I am very glad to see you at Plinlimmon Hall, Sir! The Doctor, who knew something of modern fashions, and smoked two Bond-street loungers, of the first figure, at the first glance, was a humorist, and answered the bucks in their own way: "*Gea, I va ma bigd to ya, va ma, inde*"—Gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you! very much indeed! The old man, who had been straining with out-stretched neck and open mouth, to catch a word, but in vain, this instant found his deafness return, and the old woman feeling a like visitation, they both hobbled away, leaving the Doctor to prescribe for poor little Bob and Charles. In the conversation that ensued, the Doctor learned that Master Bob was nineteen, and Master Charles eighteen years of age; and that they had come down from London to solicit the performance of their grand father's promise to buy them commissions in the guards, to which the old gentleman had demurred, assigning the dangers and fatigues of a modern military life; but the fact was, in their apparently wretched state of health he thought his money would be only thrown away. This discovery suggested to the Doctor an immediate and infallible cure for the deafness of the old couple, and the consumptive habit of the two grandsons; he flew to the garden, where he found his old friends lamenting, and assured them he would work a complete restoration of family health before he went away. The Doctor immediately wrote a prescription, leaving it to the old gentleman to be his own apothecary, and make it up; it was to take two purses and put a sum of fifty guineas into each, to administer them in that state to the sick youths, with special directions to set off next morning for London, and purchase their commissions.—The old man lost no time. The Doctor and the old lady followed him into the parlour, where the patients were still sitting, and where the old man administered the medicine strictly according to his directions. The first

first touch of the purse operated like an electric shock upon the nerves of the impatient youths—the lightness of the purse soon awoke suspicion, and examination only confirmed their fears. "*Da Sa, tha must be some mista in this,*"—Dear Sir, there must be some mistake in this, observed the elder of the two. The younger whistled Malbrook—the old man stared—the old lady and the Doctor were impatient for the operation of the cure. "'Sdeath, Sir! exclaimed the elder of the two, after a short interval; "surely you do not mean to quiz us?" These words pronounced in an elevated tone, most distinctly and clearly, and with appropriate look and gesture, had the desired effect. The old man, who neither heard or understood a part of the previous conversation, now heard the youth distinctly, and began to caper and sing throughout the room; the old lady also found all her auricular faculties restored in full vigour, and both returned thanks to the Doctor for their speedy and effectual cure. The grandsons looked astonishment; but how great must have been their shame and confusion, when the old gentleman, with a stern countenance, thus addressed them. "I have been the victim not of disease, but of my own credulity, and your folly. The money I have given you will suffice to bind you apprentices to a milliner. When you have learned to act, speak, and dress like *men*, come to me, and I shall purchase you commissions in whatever regiment you please."

MALLISON's
SEAMAN's FRIEND.

THE Editor of the Sporting Magazine would consider himself deficient in his duty to his numerous readers, were he to neglect informing them of a discovery, that, for the future, bids fair to save many valuable lives, when in a situation which has hitherto baffled all resource. We mean that of shipwreck, which, though not totally confined to a sporting subject, we consider worthy of insertion, confident that most of our readers have friends or relations in the service of their country, or employed in commerce, to whom it will, no doubt, prove the most valuable information. We mention, with pleasure, that a trial may be made of the utility of the *Seaman's Friend*, by application to Mr. Mallison, No. 6, St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill, to whom we refer such of our readers who are interested in its success.

It now remains for us to point out the service of this invention to the sportsman; it enables him to enjoy the most healthy and vigorous of all exercises as well as sports, which the brave ancients considered of such consequence, that *nec legere, nec natare* (he can neither read nor swim), was the usual expression to describe a man of no education or manners.

The sportsman can likewise, by means of a bag made water-proof, in which he may put his clothes, visit the most retired and favourite spot, the fish haunt. The following extract is taken from Mr. Mallison's pamphlet:—

"Man, who by his ingenuity and active mind, has brought every element under subjection, and who, within these few years past, has dived into the most secret recesses of nature, has hitherto been baffled by water: his ships partially command it; but in case of wreck, he pays, nevertheless, a fatal tribute, in the yearly sacrifice of many thousands of men, in the very prime of their lives, and when most capable of being useful to their country.

 "The

"The preservation of life during shipwreck, has for ages been the desideratum of individuals in every maritime nation. Various have been the rewards held out, and numerous the inventions that have from time to time been brought forward: to recount them is needless; it is sufficient to observe, that till now, the evil remained as great as it ever was; an unfortunate proof of the insufficiency of those different attempts, hitherto used to produce the desired effect.

"Air and cork are the only things capable of being used for this purpose, on account of their specifical lightness over water. Cork, independent of its lightness, and contrary to most other substances, possesses a natural power of repelling, or refusing to connect itself with water; and air is 840 times lighter than water. To confine air, tin pipes, or an apparatus with apartments, have been generally used, and in their recent state answer the purpose in an open sea or river; but two material objections forbid their general use: the first is, the considerable expence which must be incurred, to compensate the artist for his labour and materials in their conformation; and the second, and by far the most important, is that in the hour of distress and danger, they are no longer your safeguard. Shipwrecks ever happen near shore, for those which founder at sea are in a less proportion than one to a thousand; the violence with which people are thrown against rocks, &c. causes the frail tin to give way, and occasions the water to rush in, when instead of assisting to preserve life, it acts the contrary part, by admitting the water into the cavities; thus producing an increase of weight, which quickly carries down the almost vanquished sufferer to a speedier death: this is the occasion of tin having been laid aside.

"Many years have now passed, since any experiment has been attempted with a probability of success (except the life-boat); and mankind have been obliged to submit to the evil, as well as to every concomitant calamity, which human genius has yet failed to conquer. These calamities of man become more or less poignant, according as his actions in this sublunary existence inspire him with the soothing expectation to enjoy the bliss of a future life, and his death is perhaps rendered additionally painful, by the agonizing thought of his wife and family being left a prey to helples misfortune here."

The author, in a little book, explains the nature of his contrivance, and which he names the *Seaman's Friend.* It consists of two simple pieces of cork, placed in such a manner on the human body, as to assist it in swimming either on the back or belly at will, and when tired, admitting of repose; the body remaining perpendicular in the water, and possessing, when so, the free use of the hands, arms, and feet, enabling the wearer to take every advantage of circumstances. Indeed, should faintness be induced through fatigue, or the individual fall asleep from weariness, his life may be preserved by the depending gravity of the legs and thighs, keeping the body in an upright posture, while the head and neck are constantly out of the water. The apparatus will enable him to use his feet when he feels the bottom, his hands, when any thing presents itself to assist him, or he himself wishes to assist others; and the shield thus given his person, will, in a great measure, prevent the dreadful consequences of being thrown against the rock or shore.

The

The application appears to be at once simple and easy, and consists of two pieces of cork; one acts as a breast-plate, and the other, as a backboard, connected over the shoulders, on each side of the neck, by two strong pieces of tape, fastened on the body, by tying on each side, with two other pieces, and by another piece of tape between the legs. There is no occasion of being divested of any part of the clothing, except boots and coat; the additional weight of the other parts of the dress being inconsiderable, when immersed in water. Pantaloons are preferred to loose trowsers, on account of the water not getting between the dress and the body.

We now come to the most pleasing part, which is, informing those anxious parents and relatives, who are solicitous for the safety of their children, husbands, or friends, who from various circumstances, may not hear of this invention, that it can be sent to them; all that is necessary, being to give Mr. Mallison, a description of their person, either personally, or by writing. The prices are divided into three clssses; for youths under seventeen, ten shillings; middling-sized men, fifteen, and large men, eighteen and twenty shillings; and so confident is Mr. Mallison of its success, that he engages, in his advertisements, to forfeit 100 guineas, if the person having one of the *Seaman's Friends* on, can ever sink.

GILPIN's DESCRIPTION OF THE CORMORANT.

THIS justly admired writer, in one of his picturesque essays, has the following description of a cormorant; of which one would hardly suppose it possible to say any thing striking or elegant. But if we attend to this author, we shall see how highly the pencil of genius can colour even the meanest objects.

"The cormorant is not without beauty. His eager, steady, determined flight; his plunging into the waters, his wild look, as if conscious of guilt, his bustle on being alarmed, shaking the moisture from his feathers, and dashing about till he gets fairly disengaged, are all amusing circumstances in his history. But he is a merciless villain; supposed by naturalists to be furnished with a greater variety of predatory arts than any bird that inhabits the water. When the tide retires, he wings his ardent flight, with strong pinions and outstretched neck, along the shores of the deserted river, with all the channels and currents of which, he is better acquainted than the mariner with his chart. Here he commits infinite spoil. Or, if he finds his prey less plentiful in the shallows, he is at no loss in deeper water. He dives to the bottom, and visits the eel in her retirement, of all others his favourite morsel. In vain the fowler eyes him from the bank, and takes his stand behind a bush. The cormorant, quicker sighted, knows his danger, and parries it with a glance of his eye. If he choose not to trust his pinions, in a moment he is under water, rises again in some distant part, instantly sinks a second time, and eludes the possibility of taking aim. If a random shot should reach him, unless it carry a weight of metal, his sides are so well cased, and his muscular frame so robust, that he escapes mischief. If the weather suit, he fishes dexterously at sea. When he has filled his maw, he retires to the ledge of some projecting rock, where he listens to the surges be-

 low,

low, in dosing contemplation, till hunger again awaken his powers of rapine."

THE

SHOOTING DIRECTORY.

By R. B. Thornhill, Esq.

OF this new and entertaining work, we gave some account in page 39 of our magazine for October last—We now resume the consideration of it.

In favour of this work, as far as it is strictly confined to the pursuits of sporting, we think the modest language of the Author, in his dedication, page 13, may be adopted without hesitation.

"Some individuals may perhaps lay to my charge a portion of vanity, in attempting a task of so much difficulty; yet I can assure the readers, I have not entered on a subject to which I have not only served four apprenticeships, but of which I am, in most sportsmen's opinions, fully master. Let me endeavour to remark, notwithstanding, and impress on the minds of my readers, that compiling a work of this nature requires more than merely to transcribe, or, like a parrot, by rote commit to paper every circumstance related by preceding authors; on this subject, great experience is not only necessary, and a degree of practical knowledge possessed, but by an adept in the school, and a complete practitional sportsman, to which character I candidly confess I have more claim than to any rank in the field of literature. This candid avowal, and appeal to the consideration and good nature of the learned, will, in this instance I hope, procure me their indulgence. Unadorned as it is with the beauties of composition, or elegance of stile, I trust they will not be surprised to find that what is offered to them is cloathed in a plain garb, always keeping in mind that the language of every sportsman should be as plain as possible in or out of the field.

"The compiler feels a peculiar pleasure in stating all the modern inventions and improvements lately made in the sporting world, by collecting and arranging all these recent discoveries, which must essentially conduce to facilitate their attainment: not content with one insertion of what has already been collected, he has augmented the work with a large accession from other quarters.

"The rules laid down are extracted from the best publications, and from the information of the most experienced sportsmen, with the addition of a variety of subjects and topics necessary for every sportsman, and as yet never laid before the public."

A strict observance of the advice and cautions recommended, will contribute essentially to the prevention of many of those misfortunes by which the lives of a number of individuals are lost and embittered.

Mr. Thornhill adds, "As an apology for all inaccuracies, I beg leave to state, I have not submitted my work to the correction of either professed scholars or learned men."—We think the truth of this latter assertion by Mr. T. will not be controverted by any one who observes the fallacies of Mr. T's moral conclusions, when he ceases to write as a sportsman, and affects to be thought a moralist, a metaphysician, or a divine. As an historian also, we presume, some assertions in the Shooting Directory will stand corrected in the future editions of the work. Thus Mr. T. when thanking

ing Sir William Addington, for the assistance he had derived from his abridgement of the penal statutes, see page 425, goes on to sssert, that " when that unfortunate maniac, Hatfield, made an attempt on the life of our most gracious and beloved Sovereign at the play house, Sir William was called on, and on seeing the poor wretch, immediately pronounced him to be insane." This declaration of Sir William, gave offence to some persons; upon which he was so hurt as to intimate his wish to retire, which was granted him, with a pension of L. 400 per annum.

Here Mr. Thornhill adds, " However, to prove Sir William was perfectly correct, Hatfield remains in Bedlam to this day." This however, we add, is an assertion directly the reverse of truth—the real fact, with which Mr. T. was probably unacquainted, is, that Hatfield, the reputed maniac, is not in Bedlam, but has been removed from Bedlam to Newgate nearly two years; and this or some other safe prison would certainly have been the fate of this pretended maniac, in the very first instance of his apprehension, if the advice given to another knighted magistrate, by them that knew the habits and connections of the culprit, had been attended to, as such information required; and as the event afterwards proved it ought to have been. As a moralist or divine, Mr. T. totally losing sight of the old precept, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, concludes his treatise in page 429, with observing " that after paying every attention to the subject of shooting, he is well assured, that religion and this innocent amusement may go hand in hand, and that recreation is most certainly as necessary for the body, as contemplation is for the soul; and unless we keep our clay cottage in order, its glorious inhabitant will never exert its faculties as it ought.

Mr. Thornhill adds, " On charging the fowling piece, we may look on the shot, as a lively representation of mankind, who are sluggish, and unable of themselves to do any thing, till enlivened and actuated by spiritual fire, they are enabled to press forward to the mark of the high calling, God; they have then power to pursue the way of his commandments, when he has set their hearts at liberty.

" When the piece is discharged, some of the shot fly wide of the object aimed at, occasioned by cavities and flaws in them; so many a human being has in him a deceitful heart of unbelief, which makes him depart from the living God.

" Some shot, on account of their lightness, drop short of the mark; thus, likewise, Christians, though they have all a promise of eternal rest, yet many of them come short of it, being weighed in the balance, and found lighter that vanity itself.

" Part of the shot is sometimes rendered ineffectual, being intercepted by twigs or thorns, and turned out of the right and straight way; thus, worldly cares, or riches, often intersperse, and cut us off from that which ought to be the chief end of all our wishes.—the chief object of all our desires.

" By much the greater number of the shot fall short of the end for which they are designed; and after compleating their airy flight, are for ever lost, beyond the power of man to collect and make use of them again."

In this allegory upon shooting, Mr. Thornhill's doctrine is certainly unphilosophical, and consequently false. For, in the first place, as he makes mankind mere passive instruments, resembling fowling pieces; that can of themselves do nothing,

thing, that is, are unable to charge themselves with spiritual fire, it is then impossible, as he afterwards would make it appear, that he, the Almighty, who puts in the shot, should be the cause that, on account of its lightness, it should drop short of the mark of eternal life: for this is accusing the charger, and not the thing charged.—This reasoning impeaches Divine Providence with a want of wisdom and discernment in choosing the shot.

But, on the other hand, were we even to admit, in favour of the author's apparent notions of predestination, "that much the greater number fall short of the end for which they are designed"—then we should encounter another inconsistency, because we insist, that divine wisdom never designed they should arrive at that end; otherwise he would have made the means adequate; and he would have chosen, or rendered the shot effectual and proper for that purpose.

Mr. Thornhill adds, "the few shot that strike the mark, are the only ones reckoned to answer the end and design of God, the fowler; though they have all an equal chance of success"

Here the author seems to have forgotten that he had said before, that some shot, on account of its lightness, could not do otherwise than fall short of the mark! and that others, having cavities and flaws in them, fly wide of the object: and yet in his conclusion, he tells us they, the shot, have all an equal chance of success! Mr. Thornhill, and every speculator in divinity, ought to know, that no chance can be admitted in the execution of the divine decrees; and that chance is a relative term, applicable only to such short-sighted beings as ourselves.

Logically speaking, Mr. Thornhill's fowling piece, man, is indeed a very poor instrument, or patient, and his charger, the agent, being defective in judgment, and wanting consistency, has not one attribute of a wise being. Still, in those parts of Mr. Thornhill's book which relate to sporting, we can cheerfully obey the injunctions of his motto, *Vide, Lege*; but as for his *Crede*, in other affairs, we thus enter our appeal.

Credat Judæus Apella.

CURIOUS CLUB BILL.

PROBABLY with an eye to business, and if possible to take in all descriptions, the following has been recently brought into circulation:

"The company of all Mumpers, Cadgers, Match-Makers, Water-Cress Fishers, Dandelion Diggers, Dragon-Fogrum Gatherers, &c. is earnestly requested to-morrow evening at the Old Blind Beak's-Head, in Dyot Street, St. Giles's, at nine o'clock precisely.

"As the house has been altered, the company will be accommodated with a large room up-stairs; but those who are not really lame are desired to leave their sticks and crutches at the bar, to prevent mischief. And as it is the design of the meeting to mix business with entertainment, after the admission of new members, the President will give directions from the chair for avoiding of Beadles, and all other unlucky persons; point out the best parts of the country for strolling, the method of making artificial sores, &c."

P. S. Mr. Nick-froth informs his friends and customers, that the hour of meeting is unavoidably made later, on account of the many evening lectures, and night sermons at Methodist meetings at this time of

of the year.—He allows sprats to be broiled on the tap-room fire all the season, and will let his boys fetch hog's maws, sheep's-heads, &c. He likewise sends strong beer, in white jugs, or black tin pots (out of a blind) to any of the stands at a reasonable distance from his house, at any time of the day.

THEATRICALS.

MATRIMONY.

A PETIT OPERA—IN TWO ACTS,

As now performing at Drury-Lane Theatre.

THIS truly petit piece is an alteration from the French, by Mr. Kenney, the author of Raising the Wind; and if it does not altogether please the critics, the continuance of its successful representation evinces that it pleases the public. The music is extremely pleasing, and we can add that the morality of this piece is genuine and excellent.

The plot is taken from the French opera of *Adelphe et Clare*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Baron de Limburg	Mr. Dowton.
Delaval	Mr. Elliston.
O'Cloghorty	Mr. Johnstone.
Clara	Mrs. Jordan.
Lisetta	Mrs. Bland.

A young couple at Berlin, who had been excessively fond during the honeymoon, become so completely tired of each other, and are so perpetually quarrelling, that they resolve upon a separation. For this purpose, the lady's uncle is applied to—a man of great sagacity and a cabinet minister. He was of opinion that they still loved each other in their hearts, and that their differences arose from levity, volatility, and a mistaken regard for the fashion. His plan, therefore, was to bring them into circumstances that should call forth the genuine feelings of their hearts. Accordingly, in the first scene we find the Baron de Limburg, the minister's friend, fitting up his castle as a state prison to receive these offenders against the laws of Hymen. The dashing belle and the gay spark arrive separately, dejected with their mysterious captivity, but rejoiced that they are at last freed from the company of each other. Hearing of a handsome officer and a beautiful girl being their fellow prisoners, they are impatient to be introduced, the one hoping for an admirer, and the other for a mistress. But what is their astonishment when they turn out to be man and wife? By degrees, however, their mutual asperity is softened, and after having successively consented to silence, forbearance, forgiveness, friendship, and complaisance, they are quickly relapsing into all the symptoms of their original passion, when an order is given that they shall be closely confined in the upper apartments of separate towers. Now we have nothing but sighs, tears, and lamentations. By and bye they resort to the expedient of corrupting the guards, and having thus procured a stolen interview, resolve upon an attempt to escape together from the castle. The alarm is given by the sentinel, and the cannon are fired on the ramparts, at the moment when they were descending into the court-yard. Their constancy is put to a fresh trial, by an offer of freedom to that one who should first sign a deed of separation.—They tear this paper to atoms, and resolve to remain together in a dungeon for life. At this moment, the good-natured Baron

ron explains the deception that had been practised upon them, and they return him thanks for his good offices; convinced that they are necessary to each other's happiness, and determined from thenceforth to set an example of connubial attachment.

We cannot say that very great ability has been displayed in adapting the piece to the English stage. The unities are still strictly preserved; as the scene never once changes, not much above two hours are supposed to elapse during the action, and the plot is simple and entire. With a French audience these might be great beauties, but here they are little relished. In an after-piece, we look for broad humour, eccentric characters, and whimsical incidents. The governor's deputy, to be sure, has received an Irish name; but he is not much distinguished by originality of whim or risibility of blunder; and he is the only vehicle for home jests and temporary allusions. Several excellent situations occur for stage effect, which might have been heightened considerably, by giving a little more spirit and variety to the dialogue: the following specimen of which, is from the second act.

The BARON *enters, with guards and attendants with flambeaux.*

Bar. Let the gaoler be seized, and put in irons immediately.

O'Clog. Here's a pretty commence!

Cla. (*holding O'Cloghorty*) 'Twas our fault! indeed it was—stop him, or we'll go too.

O'Clog. (*aside*) Blessings on her tender heart.

Bar. Hear me.—A courier, who has just arrived, acquaints me that you two are really married.

Cla. There, Sir.—To be sure we are.

Bar. And informs me also of the motive for which you are here brought together.—Your uncle, convinced that you had both your errors—

Cla. I have had many.

Del. But what have been mine!

Bar (continuing) Wished at first to make you both repent them; but his kindness getting the better of his anger, he has abated the rigour of his original order, and determines to punish only one of you.

Del (with joy) Me, no doubt.

Cla. (earnestly) Let the governor go on—

Bar. Further, being well convinced that at all events you never can be happy together again—

Cla. How malicious!

Del. Let the governor go on.

Bar. He sends me a deed of separation, and orders that the first who shall be consistent enough to sign it, shall be immediately free.

Del. (*very earnestly*) A separation! Never! Nothing shall induce me to consent to it.

Cla. (*with equal decision*) Nor me—never!

Del. Yet, if this is the only means of restoring the best of women to society—to her family—to happiness; if so, she may be snatched from a painful state of existence, from an abode of horror, that perhaps may cost her her life, I consent to every thing.—I desire she may sign—nay, I command it. Only let her immediately be set at liberty.

Cla. (much moved) No, Sir, no.—I will not sign—I will not sign. "And you must be sensible, my dear Frederick, that if I refuse, it is not to disobey you. But be reasonable, Frederick.—At your age—in the career of military honours, with the qualities to distinguish you, to merit the esteem of all who surround

surround you—Could I consent that you should here sacrifice your youth and reputation!" No; sign, and begone.—Only think sometimes of your Clara, who in her retreat will hear, and rejoice in your success, and console herself with reflecting that you are happy, and love her still. Go, then; I do not command it——but on my knees I request it.

Del. (who has repeatedly wished to interrupt her) No, no, it is impossible, I will not sign.

Cla. (in tears) If——if it must be so—

Del. (embracing her). Go, go, my dear Clara.

Cla. I cannot, I cannot, my dear Frederick!

Del. Will you not?—Will you not indeed? Shall we then—yes—your eyes instruct me—the wish is mutual—you understand me.

Cla. Oh! yes.

Del. (with decision) No separation! No separation! Here—both together—and for life.

[*Tears the deed.*

Cla. (*tearing also*) Yes—for life, for life together!

Del. (*throwing the fragments*) There, Sir—Now send the minister an answer.

Bar. (aside) Here's a crisis?—*(aloud)* What! Do you prefer remaining together in a prison—

Del. To us it will be henceforward the temple of love and happiness—We shall now live for each other.

Cla. And bid adieu to the world, and its vain pleasures.

" *Del.* Love—friendship—*(to O'Cloghorty)* For you, I'm sure, will be our friend—gratitude—*(to the Baron)* You must grant us this good fellow's pardon—These shall adorn our asylum.—Congratulate us—it is from this moment only that we are happy."

Bar. Oh! you cruel, you amiable young rogues! So, in this dismal place, you have at length found out how necessary you are to each other's happiness.—Whilst in the capital, where you were at liberty to love one another as much as you pleased, you must make yourselves miserable with incessant quarrels.

Cla. We shall have no more, depend upon it.—*(caresses Delaval)*

Bar. I believe it, I believe it; and therefore I see no material objection to your returning to Berlin.

O'Clog. Nor I neither.

Del. Sir!

Cla. Explain yourself.

Bar. You are both free, and have never been otherwise. You have only had a friendly lesson, and have profited by it. This fortress is no other than the castle of your uncle's old friend, Baron de Limburg; the sentinels, his servants; and this terrible fellow the gaoler, his brave Irish huntsman.

O'Clog. Who, instead of Grimgruffinhoff, has as smooth a name and as comely a countenance of his own as ever came into your ladyship's delicate imagination——— Mr. Teddy Fitzgrallaghan Macmullinoch O'Cloghorty, at your service.

Del. My dear Clara! how much are we indebted to this brave officer.

Cla. How much indeed! oh! my dear uncle! let us fly and thank him.

Del. And above all, never let us forget the castle of Limburg.

Bar. If any gratitude is due to me, return here on every anniversary of this day, and celebrate with me the deliverance of our two amiable prisoners.

FINALE.

May love and reason ever reign
In each fond heart with gentle sway;
And may you never need again,
The friendly lesson of to-day.

THIRTY THOUSAND; OR, WHO'S THE RICHEST?

A NEW COMIC OPERA.

Covent Garden, Monday, December 10.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Capt. Foresail	Mr. Braham.
Windmill	Mr. Fawcett.
Arable	Mr. Incledon.
Plainly	Mr. Murray.
Dubious	Mr. Blanchard.
Gangway	Mr. Munden.
Teddy	Mr. Rock.
Clump	Mr. Emery.
Mrs. Arable	Mrs. Dibdin.
Rosanna	Signora Storace.
Henrica	Miss Davies.
Mrs. Notable	Mrs. Mattocks.
Margery	Mrs. Whitmore.

THE outline of the plot is founded on the story of "The Will," in Edgworth's popular tales.—A country gentleman of fortune, having had very strong reason to suspect his lady of infidelity, leaves his house suddenly, mortgages his estate to purchase property in India, where he resides with a favourite female, to whom, at his death, he bequeaths his Indian possessions, and remits to England the sum of thirty thousand pounds, to accumulate for seven years, and to be laid out in the redemption of his English estate, which is to be given to whoever of his three nephews shall prove at that period to be the richest man—the uncle having previously given a thousand pounds to each to begin the world with. To make this disposition of his property, he overlooks the claim of a daughter, who (in consequence of his wife's supposed infidelity) he does not consider to be his own offspring.

The piece opens on the day appointed to decide the claims of the rival cousins, who are characteristically announced by their respective servants—Clump, a country bumpkin, precedes Farmer Arable; Gangway, a blunt sailor, is the *avant courier* of Captain Foresail; and Teddy, a blundering Irish valet, announces the arrival of Mr. Windmill, a man of scheme and bustle, but so full of thought and contrivance, that in the profundity of thought he is always absent and inattentive to whatever is present on the scene—the proscribed daughter of the deceased Wiltmahen, also appears to make a claim, not for herself, but in behalf of a friend, who had sheltered her and her mother in their adversity. Farmer Arable, by fair industry and rectitude of conduct, seems to have acquired the most probable title to inherit the bequest of his uncle; Captain Foresail, from liberality to his friends and his ship's crew, who draw up a whimsical round-robin, to subscribe a sum of money to forward his claim, possesses merely his pay and prospect of naval promotion; while Windmill, from a constant system of scheming, and from his inattention to, and forgetfulness of, the present, has neglected to provide a shilling for the future. In the course of the piece, however, Foresail succeeds in his addresses to Rosanna, the rich ward of Old Dubious, who has induced her lover into a belief of her being the neglected and poor daughter of the testator. Foresail thus unexpectedly finds himself rewarded for his disinterested affections, and by the possession of Rosanna's fortune, becomes equally entitled with Farmer Arable to demand the legacy of the L.30,000. Windmill, by a lucky stroke of fortune, after the total failure of all his own schemes, becomes nearly on a par with his rivals; when the unexpected production of a subsequent will, which is brought forward by the disinherited

rited daughter, together with proof of her father's having been deceived as to her mother's imagined guilt, divides the estate equally between the candidates, while the daughter is made heiress to her father's Indian possessions, and is united in marriage to her cousin Windmill.

Mr. T. Dibdin, who has deservedly acquired great reputation as a dramatic writer, is avowedly the author of this comic opera. The fable, though simple, admits of much variety; and the characters of the three nephews, with their reciprocal valets, afforded this ingenious author a most favourable opportunity for displaying his powers of contrast and dramatic opposition. Tho characters of Foresail, Arable, and Windmill, are judiciously discriminated; and the sailor, the clown, and the Irishman, are marked with those distinguising features that are generally applied to them.

The plot is much superior in point of contrivance, wit, and dialogue, to the generality of modern operas. There is, however, some danger of its not having so great a run as the other operas, in which the same talents have been combined. The music has, however critics' judgments may differ, a very ample share in the support of the piece; and the most unexceptionable excellence in this opera, is the recitative and air by Braham, in the third act, in which the names of Abercrombie, Nelson, and Sidney Smith are mentioned; and yet it was against this admirable exhibition of vocal excellence that the opposition of the house was principally directed.

In the cabal which prevailed, and particularly towards the conclusion, there was little opportunity of either hearing or doing justice to the other performers. Munden, Rock, Emery, and Fawcett, exerted themselves to the utmost; and Madame Storace, Miss Davies, Mrs. Dibdin and Mrs. Mattocks, performed with their customary applause and ability. There was scarcely a song or a duet in the piece which was not loudly encored; and, notwithstanding, towards the conclusion, the clamour was so great, that the actors were unintelligible; and when Mr. Munden came forward to announce the piece for a second representation, the violence of the disapprobation prevented him from being distinctly heard.—It was, however, announced for the next night, and we apprehend that the excellence of the music and the variety of the songs, (of which see a specimen in our poetry) should long insure the piece as a favorite with the public.

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

Covent Garden Theatre.

ON Saturday evening, Dec. 1, this prodigy of early excellence, whose merits have been as much extolled in the provinces as they have been sceptically regarded in the metropolis, met the fiery ordeal of a London audience. There has not been, within our recollection, any manifestation of public anxiety which can be quoted, as equalling that displayed on this occasion. At one o'clock the doors of the pit and galleries were besieged with expectants. At five the outer doors of the box passages were forced open, and the boxes were occupied by an immense crowd, who forcibly ejected the persons stationed to keep places. The numbers still poured in with such rapidity, and pressure, that some hundreds leaped

leaped from the boxes into the pit, which was so crowded by this accession, that numbers must have perished, but for the humane attention of some ladies in the boxes, who assisted in raising and passing them to the lobbies. The number outside the house, and in the passages, still continued to increase, though every effort was made to assure them that their exertions must be unavailing. But the faintings, bruises, and minor contingencies are beyond all enumeration,—the play of Barbarossa was got up for the *debut* of this, in every respect, new performer, and was cast in the following manner:

Barbarossa	Mr. Hargrave.
Selim	Master Betty.
Othman	Mr. Murray.
Sadi	Mr. Creswell.
Aladin	Mr. Cory.
Zaphira	Mrs. Litchfield
Irene	Mrs. H. Siddons.

This play, though it is not decorated with much imagery, or elevated by eloquence of diction, was not injudiciously chosen for this purpose. Selim is represented as a stripling of twenty years, and as such may be represented, without much violence to probability by a boy of thirteen. The piece was preceded by a neat address from the pen of Mr. Taylor, but of this so little was heard, that many persons fearfully supposed Mr. C. Kemble to be delivering an apology.—The first act was finished amidst the same clamour and confusion. In the second the young Roscius appeared, and all was mute wonder and attention. He appeared, for a very short time, to be somewhat agitated, but this soon subsided, and he forgot every thing but the character which he had to sustain.—We had then before us this phenomenon, in the person of a boy such as we have described, with a handsome, but apparently not expressive face, and a voice which seemed incapable of much variety. He proceeded—those objections vanished—and scepticism bowed its humbled head. In the first scene with Barbarossa there is little to be done. In that which follows, and where he sounds the feelings of Othman, he shewed exquisite judgment and sensibility. In the close of the scene when he says

"Oh! thou hast rous'd a thought on which revenge
"Mounts with redoubled fire!"——

his fine blue eyes lighted up a countenance full of expression—his attitudes were graceful and appropriate, and the strong emotion seemed to pervade every fibre of his frame.—The applauses which greeted his *entrée* were redoubled, and loud huzza's and bravo's resounded through the theatre.—In the third act, with his mother, his pathos and his judgment were both transcendent.

In the progress of his performance not a thought, if we can judge from ourselves, was bestowed on the juvenility of the actor.—All was lost in sympathy with the princely avenger of his father's murder. To dwell on particular passages would be endless. It will be sufficient to say, that his disclosure of himself to Barbarossa was very finely managed—his feelings for his mother were full of truth and nature, and what was still more surprising, his interview with Irene was most affecting. The boy, who never could have felt the passion of love, appeared to possess all its ardency and all its tenderness. Thus he proceeded to the end. If there was any where a failure, it was in the delivery of the prosaic line which concludes the piece.—In passing from particulars to generals, we feel ourselves at a loss how to proceed. We cannot try him as a boy, who comes forward with

such

such superior pretensions. We cannot rate him as a man, when so many means of future excellence are as yet unripened and undisclosed.

When we mention that his step is firm and manly—his gesticulation free and unembarrassed—and his delivery and emphasis in general most correct, we speak of things which might possibly through tuition be acquired. But the intelligence of manner—the eloquence of the eye, when speech was denied—the rapid yet judicious transitions from prostrate affliction to dignified resentment—are qualities which a Garrick might display, but which he could never transfuse.—We do not mean to hold forth this youth as a model of perfection, but that, at his age, and with so few opportunities, he should approach so nearly to perfection, is the wonder which it is our province to record. That he should, as if by intuition, seize upon the discriminative marks of character, and the expression of passions which he never knew, is a prodigy which can only be set down to the potent inspiration of native genius. There were some specks, however, in this rising sun. There was a monotony which sometimes, when he was not aroused to passion, assailed the critical ear, and a few more deviations, which time will most infallibly correct.

To the character of Achmet, in Barbarossa, Master Betty has successively added those of Frederick in Lovers' Vows, and Norval in Douglas; in the whole of which, to say the least, he astonishes. Even old Drury, spacious as it is, is not sufficiently capacious to bear the crowd he brings, ladies and even gentlemen fainting, bannisters breaking, and clothes torn to rags, continue to be the order of the day, or rather of the night, whenever Young Roscius makes his appearance.

With all these flattering indications, some persons might suppose he had no enemies, but this is a fallacious, though, apparently a fair conclusion; hence a diurnal writer makes the following observation:

"The envy which we understand pervades the performers against the Young Roscius, reminds us of what was said by the veteran Quin, on his first witnessing the performance of Garrick; turning round to some of his theatrical brethren he exclaimed—"By G—d if this *boy* is right, we are all wrong, *lads*."

The old performers, however, should consider that a Young Roscius is not a phenomenon that will trouble them often;—what Old Macklin would have said, had he lived to see this infantine competitor has been asked—and is partly answered by an anecdote we have heard of this old veteran, who about six years since in finishing a conversation with old Mr. Lewis, the bookseller, made the following observation:—"In your time and mine, Lewis, we had men for actors, but now by G—d they are all monkies." The address spoken by Mr. C. Kemble, on the first appearance of Roscius is among the poetry of this month.

But as it was rightly conjectured the health of this young performer has not been adequate to his undertakings.—On Monday evening, the seventeenth, the managers of Drury-lane were compelled to disappoint a numerous audience assembled to see him in Achmet, by informing them of Dr. Pearson's report of his health not permitting him to appear. The play was then changed for that of the Wonder, to the manifest regret of many who went away, notwithstanding they had paid their money.

MORE ROSCIUSES.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

OF all the manias and whimsicalities "and these are not a few" with which men have been seized within a few years, there is none, I think, more prevalent than a desire to excel on the stage. People of all ranks, occupations, and degrees, are equally infected with this captivating and fashionable distemper. We now hear, instead of the old fashioned notice "that such a regiment of militia is to be reviewed on Thursday next," that the officers of the———militia are to perform Hamlet, Cato, or any other celebrated tragedy; the principal part by the colonel. We shall now hear, instead of a military hero having seen service, that he has performed two or three campaigns in some country theatre. I have no doubt but that in case of invasion, those heroes who have fought so valiantly in the service of the buskin, will be equally courageous in a field of battle; and that there will be Richards, and Richmonds, and Cato's, and Cæsars, in every regiment. But this mania, as before observed, is not by any means confined to the army alone, nor are colonels the only heroes who boast the dominion of Thespis. Lawyers' clerks, tallow chandlers, soap boilers, shopkeepers, and the whole tribe of tradesmen, are equally infected with this powerful and overcoming insanity. A few days ago having some business with a grocer, I went into his counting house; he was not at home himself, but I perceived one of the clerks amazingly intent upon something or other which was not his business; being curious to know what this was, I went up to him, and perceived he was studying the tragedy of Cato. As soon as he perceived me, he started up, and throwing himself into a fine theatric gesture, began in pompous tone—

"Good morrow, Portius! let us once embrace—
Once more embrace, while yet we both are free!
To-morrow, should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave unto his arms!
This sun, perhaps, this morning's sun's the last
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty!"

He would most likely have proceeded to have received me into his arms, had I not turned my back and walked out of the shop, deploring the fatal effects of this destructive disease. I am, &c.

Z. O. R.

TASTE IN TAILS—RAT-TAILED, AND GOOSE-RUMP'D HORSES.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

THE women have long been complained of for running into extremes in dress—from a Dutch lady's full bottom—I don't mean, wig—to a single muslin coat over her chemise; nay, even to the discarding the modest swan-down dicky. At present, the men—I think—have equally exposed themselves to the same animadversion for their versatility.—They have not adopted the thin queue for themselves only, but have depilated the tails of their horses, that both may be in uniform, if I may use a military phrase; and which it is now the height of *bon ton* to bring in on all occasions. It might hence be supposed, not only that the horse and his rider had brought their

back

back parts into contact, but also laid their heads together to look smart, or, as the word is, natty: in short, to look all of a piece. This fashion, however, is not to be too severely censured, because it has been attended with one good—It has brought what was called a rat-tailed horse into vogue; a creature which never ought to have been disesteemed, as rat-tailed horses were always remarked for the goodness of their disposition and movements. We have speculators of every kind; and, therefore, a few of our dashing fellows, who regulate the *ton*, may probably have bought up all the rat-tailed horses, at a reduced price; and then, pretending to have had them trimmed for chargers, sold them to our city commandants, at enormous prices. A Blackwell-hall factor, at the head of one of our battalions, I have been informed, gave no less than two hundred guineas for his Bucephalus, which is more than a pound for every hair on his tail *. But the chief reason of my troubling you at this time is, to put those on their guard who may chance to have a goose-rump'd horse; for I understand two or three city field-officers of cavalry, who are one day in the stock-exchange, and the next on the parade, or at exercise, have resolved to snap up all the goose-rump'd horses; and then, having them all in their own hands as *omnium*, deal them out at any price, like *scrip*, under the pretence that their rumps were raised up *secundem artem*, by Doctor Gambados, on purpose to give an elegant appearance to the hussar-cloak, when it is spread over the horse's hind quarters.

I hope I am in time for insertion in your excellent Miscellany, in order to prevent so avaricious a combination for duping our raw and rich recruits. I am, &c.

A Cavalry Subaltern.

SPORTING NOBILITY & GENTRY PROVED MERCHANTS & TRADERS.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

I ALWAYS used to reflect with pleasure, that strong as the fondness of our ancestors was for imitating the French, still they could not completely succeed in introducing among us the contempt of the French gentry for trade. On the contrary, I now find, that great part of our nobility may be properly deemed merchants, if not traders, and even *boutiquieres*, shop keepers. Allowing myself to be a little paradoxical, I now ask, in the first place, whether we may not consider many of our nobility in the same light with Tattersall, Aldridge or Langhorn, or any other keepers of repositories? The breeding of running horses is become a favorite traffic among them; and we know how very largely persons of the first fashion deal this way, and what great addition they make to their yearly income by winning plates and matches, and then selling the horse for a prodigious sum,—what advantages must accrue to them, if they have a mare of blood to breed from! But what a treasure have they if they are possessed of the stallion in fashion! I can therefore see no difference between this occupation of my Lord and that of any Yorkshire dealer whatsoever:

* What will not the French say of our horses' tails having no hair? In Oliver's time, they observed, "The English had a barbarous custom of cutting off the heads of their kings, and the tails of their horses.

and

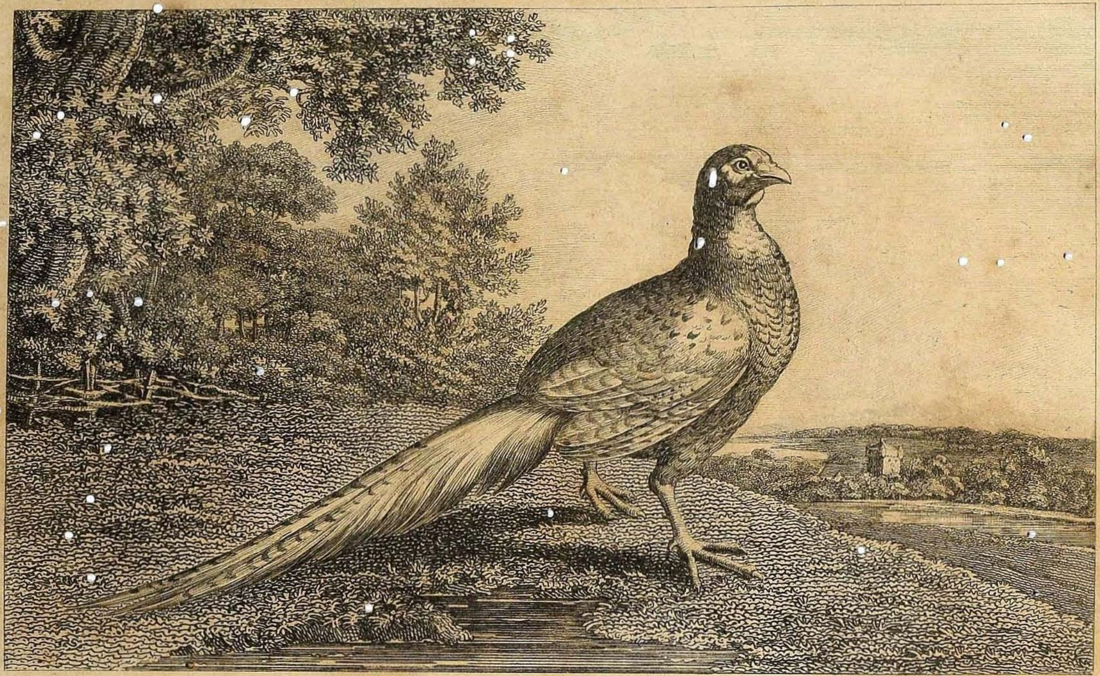
and if his Lordship is not always so successful in his trade as the jockey of the north, it is not because he does not equally hold it fair to cheat his own brother in horse-flesh. If a duke rides his own horses on the course, he does not, in my judgment, differ from any other jockey on the turf; and I think it the same thing, whether a man gets money by keeping a stallion, or whether he gets it by keeping a bull or a boar for the parish.

We know of many persons of quality whose passion for trade has made them dealers in fighting-cocks; and one declared to me lately, that there was no trusting to servants in that business; that he could make nothing of it, if he did not look after the cocks himself; and that for a month before he is to fight a match, he always takes care of and feeds them himself; and for that purpose, strange as it may seem, he lies in a little room close by them every night. I cannot but admire this industry, which can make my noble friend quit his Lady's bed, while tradesmen of a lower rank neglect their business for the charms of a kept mistress. But it must be allowed, that these noble dealers in live fowl are to be considered as poulterers, as well as those who sell the deer of their park are to be ranked among the butchers, in a market, though the latter endeavour artfully to avoid this, by selling their venison to the pastry-cooks.

What shall we say of these who send venison, hares, pheasants, partridges, and all other game, to their poulterer and fishmonger in London, to receive an equivalent in poultry and fish in winter, when they are in town. Though these sportsmen do not truck their commodities for money, they are nothing less than higlers, hucksters, dealers, and chapmen, in the proper sense of the words; for an exchange was never denied to be a sale, although it is affirmed to be no robbery.

I come now to the consideration of those who deal in a much larger and more extensive way, and may be properly stiled merchants, while those already mentioned are little more than traders in the retailing business. What Jew deals larger than many of our Nobility in the stocks and in lottery tickets? And perhaps one should not find more bulls and bears at the stock exchange than at the subscription houses in St. James's. If you cannot at this last place insure your house from fire, or a ship from the dangers of the seas, or the French, you may get largely underwritten on lives, and insure your own against that of your mother or grandmother, for any sum whatever. There are those who deal as greatly in this practice of putting one life against another as any underwriter in the city of London: and indeed the end of insuring is less answered by the latter than the former; for the prudent citizen will not set his name to any policy where the person to be insured is not in perfect health; while the merchants at St. James's, who insure by means of bets instead of policies, will pay you any sum whatsoever, if a man dies that is run through the body, shot through the head, or has tumbled off his chair in an apoplexy; for as there are persons who will lay on either side, he who wants to insure need only choose that which answers his purpose. And as to the dealings of these merchants of fashion, in annuities upon lives, we often hear that one sells his whole estate, for his life, to another; and there is no other form of conveyance used between the buyer and seller, than by shuffling a pack of cards, or throwing a pair of dice: but I cannot look upon this sort of traffic in any other light than that

when



Morland's Pheasant.

when a felon sells his body to a surgeon to be anatomized.

After all, there is no branch of trade that is usually extended so far, and has such a variety in it, as gaming; whether we consider it as carried on by cards, dice, horse-racing, pitting, betting, &c. &c. &c. These merchants deal in very various commodities, and do not seem to be very anxious in general about any difference in value, when they are striking a bargain: for, though some expect ready money for ready money when they play, as they would blood for blood in a duel, many, very many, part with their ready money to those who deal upon trust, nay oftentimes to those who are known to be incapable of paying. Sometimes I have seen a gentleman bet his gold with a lady who has ear-rings, bracelets, and other diamonds to answer her stake: but I have much oftener seen a lady play against a roll of guineas, with nothing but her virtue to part with to preserve her honour if she lost.

The markets in which the multiplicity of business of this kind is transacted, are very many, and are chiefly appropriated to that end and no other, such as routs, assemblies, Arthur's, Newmarket, and the courses in every county; where these merchants trade in ready money only, or in bank notes, I consider them as bankers of quality; where, in ready money, against trust, and notes of hand of persons that are but little able to pay, I choose to call them, broken merchants; and whoever plays with money against a lady's jewels, should, in my mind, hang out the three golden balls in a private alley; and the lady who stakes her virtue for gold, should take a house in the purlieus of Covent Garden, to carry on her trade in. Yours, &c.

SCRUTATOR.

MORLAND'S PHEASANT.

A beautiful Etching.

FOR the following description, inclosed in a letter to Mr. J. Wheble, and the annexed etching, we are indebted to the ingenious correspondent, T. N. who, as a truly sentimental tourist, has furnished our readers with much and diversified entertainment. Speaking of a late excursion to Wilton House, and the grounds belonging to it, he observes, that Pheasants are in these grounds in great abundance; his Lordship Earl Pembroke, is particularly attached to breeding them; in so much, that when a hen lays away, a shilling is given for every egg brought to Wilton House; but to destroy them, by any unfair means, is always punished, upon detection, with lawful severity. Notwithstanding this care and attention, in the course of the season many fine cock-birds are in an unsportsmanlike way conveyed from the spit to the dining table.—I was informed by a farmer of the neighbourhood, whose business is also to breed chickens for the Bath and Salisbury markets, that in the spring of the year, when his fowls were first let out from the roost-house, the cock pheasants would descend with great boldness and tread his domestic hens, in spite of the yard cocks, whom they would engage with wonderful courage and success; and that to keep these impudent visitors in check, he was forced now and then to put steel heels on such of his own cocks as he could depend on; and the consequence was sometimes a plump pheasant for the expence. He added, that however he might be troubled in one way, he was amply made amends, in another; for he possessed, from this intercourse with his Lordship's wild birds and his own hens

hens, a continual succession of the finest game chickens in the whole country. To speak to you of the beauty of the Pheasant cock in his richest plumage, would be to tell you of what every one knows; but the birds in these parts are certainly found to be the largest and the boldest of any in the island. At the Pembroke Arms, is a small picture called

MORLAND'S PHEASANT.

It is held in the highest estimation by the owner. The landscape is beautifully descriptive of the face of the country; and the bird itself was painted by that unfortunate artist, from a living subject, when he was at Wilton in the year 1794.— The majesty of the form, and the brilliancy of the eye, induced me to make a correct copy which I send you; aud have no doubt of seeing an etching from it by your ingenious engraver. The landlord told me several applications had been made for the picture; and that thirty guineas had been offered him for it, by a celebrated sporting gentleman of these parts; but he had such an affection for the memory of the painter, who lodged with him many weeks for the recovery of his health, and such respect for the natural execution of the subject, that nothing under extreme poverty should force him to part with this little jewel, inscribed G. Morland, 1794.

THE FEMALE CARD PLAYER.

HERE it may be sufficient to premise that a lady died some time ago, whose heaven upon earth was a succession of games of whist for nearly the laft forty years of her life. Her history, therefore, may not, perhaps, be unamusing, or uninstructive. Mrs. Basto's husband was originally a trader of the lower order, who acquired a large fortune by uninterrupted industry, joined with a species of sense, which, although not of much value any where else, is very useful in a shop. During his days of labour, when "comings-in were but small," and "a penny saved was a penny got," Mrs. Basto assisted his endeavours by domestic economy. While her husband was getting in the shop, she was saving in the parlour; and for many years, during which, to use her own phrase, "they went mucking on," a better model of industry could not be found. There was not indeed, much to interrupt them; the few acquaintances they had were like themselves, and they had neither the reasonings, nor the fancies of intellect to disturb them.—Reading was no part of their employment; yet they could read what they wrote, and they could write with some difficulty. Money, however, flowed in so fast, that in the course of about twenty years, they removed from the back parlour to the first floor, and from the town house, to the snug box. With this a wonderful change took place in Mrs. Basto's opinions as to money matters.

While she and her husband were amassing the smaller denominations of coin, she abhorred every species of pleasure and extravagance; but no sooner had they acquired a fortune, which they thought a very great one, than they discovered, or more probably were told that the only way to be respected was to spend it as other people did. Luckily, ignorance is no obstacle in a design of this kind. There are always models enough to form one's expences upon, and it is but chusing the absurdest in order to be sure of giving satisfaction. Our couple accordingly began with seeing company in style, such compa-

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ny as will always visit where there is an appearance of plenty, and will flatter wherever there is a prospect of gain. But as there must be some connecting medium to keep company together, and as Mr. and Mrs. Basto could not have supported a conversation for ten minutes, had their lives depended on it, cards were very wisely suggested as a remedy for dulness and silence, and Mrs. Basto conceived a most extraordinary liking for them. But this we cannot wonder at; she was only charmed with what had charmed thousands before her; that surprising law of social life, which ordains that the vulgar and the illiterate shall, with a little knowledge of gambling be deemed fit company for the refined and the learned; and that no other introduction is necessary to bring inferiors and superiors on a level, than a few of the edifying precepts handed down to posterity by the great Mr. Hoyle. All this was to Mrs. Basto a matter of such joy and surprise, that she wondered where her talents had been buried, and was thankful that at length she had attained not only the ways but the means, whereby she might hold up her head with the proudest.

But as she had betaken herself to unpack the cards somewhat late in life, she found it necessary to pay for each lesson in proportion to the higher proficiency of her playmates, and had often to repent that she had wasted so many precious days, without knowing a club from a spade, or having the most remote idea of the pleasures of the odd trick. Genius, however, cannot be concealed; and much zeal and much practice soon diminished the painful recollection of lost time. It was now evident, that all her former acquisitions, her knowledge of good meat, her taste in dressing it, her skill in piecing and patching, in hemming and darning, her talents at the wash tub, the agility with which she communicated a rotatory motion to the mop, and her sagacity in discovering sluts' holes, and cobwebs, were vulgar attainments, common to the lowest of her sex, while her genius evidently pointed to the whist table, as the place where alone it could be displayed to advantage. What she lost therefore, in the former part of her life, she determined to make up by constant practice; and it is much to the honour of her industry in this new calling, that the business of no day in the week was suffered to interrupt her proficiency at the card table. She often used to boast, but perhaps here she was rather conceited, that she had discovered a use for rainy Sundays which was never discovered before.

So much pains were at length amply rewarded: Mrs. Basto recovered her losses, was admitted to many fashionable circles, became a convenient partner and formidable opponent; and although her winnings and losings were pretty equal, her attachment to cards became more ardent, and the more she played the more she wished to play. Her whole life was devoted to it, and she had not the most distant conception of a state of being, in which there were neither *trumps* nor *honours*. Out of the common routine of domestic life she never had an idea; and now that play became her business, she never asked a question, nor made a remark that did not arise from the deal of the preceding hand, or the pool of the preceding night. In such matters she delighted to exercise her memory, until it became a complete storehouse of trumps, honours, odd tricks, finesses, revokes, and other casualties of the game, without a single article of any other kind. I have already mentioned her ingenious mode of diverting the horrors

 of

of a rainy Sunday; but she was, perhaps, yet more ingenious in managing her talents in such a manner that they never were idle, either in health or sickness. If her indisposition was such as not to keep her from the drawing room, yet severe enough to disturb her head, she proposed a round game, as requiring a less exertion of memory than her favourite whist; and if confined to her room, she always provided a select party of sympathizing friends, who would not suffer her to be moped. But if she was not able to sit up, she contrived to raise herself in bed so as to manage a game at cribbage with some friend; and thus contrived to make sickness itself a continuation of all for which health was valuable.

Many years passed in this employment, so worthy of a rational and accountable being, when Mr. Basto was gathered to his fathers. He had never fully entered into the pleasures of the card table, but he suffered quietly what no fury could have opposed, and left his widow an ample fortune. Her attachments had long been confined to one object, and she therefore soon recovered the loss of the "dear man;" betted with her usual eagerness, and deposited her card with the usual thump of victory. She prolonged this life of play until an advanced age, when the newspapers announced her death in due form. Having sometimes been permitted the honour of contemplating her life, I was anxious to know whether it had been consistent to the last; and a letter received in answer to my inquiries, informed me that "she was given over on Monday morning, but finding herself a little better in the afternoon, she sat up in bed, played nine games of cribbage with the nurse, and died an hour after." The last words she was heard to utter were, that "she wanted but one hole to be up!"

HER EPITAPTH.

"Here lies the body of, &c. &c. —Such was the vigour of her understanding, that she always led from her strong suit; and such the acuteness of her penetration, that she preferred sequences when sequences could be got. She was never known to lead a thirteenth card unless trumps were out, nor trumped a thirteenth card except she was last player. So gentle was her disposition, that she would not force her adversary, even with her best card, unless she had the next best to support her courage. Throughout a long and active life, she never was known to finesse; and when in doubt (for who from doubts are free?) she won the trick. Though desirous of honours, she was honest in dealing her cards, and, such is the danger of inspection, upright in sorting them. After forty years nobly spent in the study of Hoyle, she condescended to divert her dying hours with a duetto of cribbage; and, after gently removing her pegs, departed this life, with his nob in her hand."

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE IRISH.

From Bell's Description of the Peasantry of Ireland, between 1780 and 1790.

THE amusements of the native Irish chiefly took place on Sundays and holidays. On Sunday morning they regularly went to their popish chapel, which was sometimes not sufficient to contain one half of the people: those, therefore who could not gain admittance, prayed in the open air, near the doors of the chapel. As soon

soon as service was over, the greater part of the congregation went home and dined: after which during the summer season, they assembled in large bodies in some adjacent field; where the old sat in circles and entertained each other with stories, and the young danced to whatever music they could procure, and some of the young men exercised themselves in feats of bodily strength. Good humour and contentment always prevailed at those meetings as long as they drank no whiskey; but whenever that fiery spirit was introduced, intoxication and quarrels were the inevitable consequences.

In the winter season, they assembled on Sunday evenings at some house where whiskey was sold: but more commonly where some one belonging to the family played on an instrument of music. The people belonging to the latter description of houses, never demanded or expected any recompence for the accommodation thus afforded their neighbours, except the satisfaction arising from the consciousness of having contributed to the happiness of others. The love of society was, in short, so prominent a part of the character of those people, that hardly any part of a peasant's family remained at home on a Sunday evening: and in winter, they would often go a distance of three or four miles, through swamps and bogs, to any place where a considerable number of people were assembled. Even in their ordinary occupations, both in the field and in the house, they shewed an uncommon fondness for social intercourse. Every evening of the week throughout the winter season, a party of young females went successively to the houses of their respective parents, with their spinning wheels, and dedicated a great part of the night to the double purpose of industry and innocent amusement. Hither they were generally followed by their lovers: the song and the tale went round, and labour ceased to be a toil. The happiness enjoyed by those simple rustics in places where oppression had not spread her iron hand, was such, as those who live in polished societies might envy.

But of all the amusements of the native Irish, there were none so remarkable for variety, for the multitudes who partook of them, and for the interest they excited, as those which were called *Patrons* *; nor, were any of their meetings oftener concluded with drunkenness and broils than these. An Irish patron resembled, in some manner, the old English wake; probably they both sprung from the same origin. It was a large assemblage of people from all parts within a distance of ten or twenty miles, collected together round a sacred fountain dedicated to, and called after the name of the saint, in honour of whom this festival was celebrated. In the morning or forenoon, the priest of the parish performed mass on a large stone, which was called an altar. Several old men and women at the same time performed penance round the well. Here were all sorts of hawkers, mountebanks, conjurers, and itinerant musicians; and tents and booths were erected chiefly for liquor. The day was not uncommonly concluded by a general battle. Outrages of this kind sometimes proceeded from family feuds; but more frequently from local animosities. If there were none others than the people of two parishes collected together; these, when elevated and maddened with liquor, would fight

* So called from the saint, on whose day the meeting took place.

against

against each other, for what reason they knew not. If the assemblage of people had been collected from more distant places, the inhabitants belonging to one barony or county would contend with those of another. The battle was most commonly preceded by a challenge. Some fellow, whose bodily strength —whose boisterous and ferocious temper, gave him such an ascendency over others as to be chosen their leader, would come forth and flourish his cudgel over his head, and bid defiance to all who did not belong to his clan, parish, barony, or county. A champion on the adverse side would instantly rush forward to meet him. Their followers soon joined them, and the engagement became general.

The original inhabitants of Ireland were, perhaps, more credulous and superstitious than those of any other country. Their system of popery was no more like the Roman Catholic religion of monarchial France, than the liberty of the modern French republic resembles that of England. It was a compound of ancient paganism, together with all the absurdities into which Christianity had ever degenerated. To eat eggs during Passion week was by them considered as an unpardonable offence against Heaven; and on certain days of abstinence, it was more criminal to taste a drop of milk, than to get drunk with whiskey. Besides the polytheistical worship prescribed by their religion, they paid homage to several imaginary demons, to which, in their language, they give names corresponding to those prescribed in the old English mythology under the general denomination of fairies. But their veneration for these beings was entirely the result of fear, for they considered them capable of doing a great deal more mischief than good. The loss of cattle was often attributed to their malice: when a child died, it was frequently suspected that the fairies had carried it away while living, and that the corpse was nothing more than an artificial substance placed by them instead of the real body of the child. Similar suspicions arose, if a child, from a good state of health, became sickly and consumptive: the poor little patient was no longer looked upon as the offspring of human parents, but the creation of demons. If the child survived the neglect occasioned by the idea of its unnatural origin, and recovered its former health, the fairies were thanked for their supposed interference.

In all whirlwinds and sudden tempests the fairies were thought to be the principal actors; especially if any damage was done to the houses or stacks of corn. They were also supposed to enter habitations at night after the family retired to rest, indulging in sportive gambols, and particularly to wash themselves in clean water, but if there was no water in the house, it was understood they would play some mischievous tricks in revenge. Possessed with this belief, the people made a point not to go to bed until they had deposited, in some large vessel, the libation which they conceived necessary to keep these whimsical divinities in good humour. The superstitious rustics would sometimes endeavour to find out a more respectful name for those beings than that of fairies*: and whenever they spoke of them, they made use of this expression—"God bless them."

The habitations usually assigned the fairies, were those small hills, or mounds, so frequently to be met

* They generally called them, instead of fairies, the good people.

with

with all over Ireland, called forts, because they were supposed to have been erected as places of defence, during the time of the Danish invasions of that country. Many of these hills might be seen covered with wild shrubs, in the midst of arable fields: and the superstition of the cultivators would not suffer the sacred spots to be violated, either by the plough or the spade.

Many families were supposed to be followed by a female spright who, on the death of any person, belonging to the family, used to haunt the borders of some neighbouring lake or rivulet, whence her lamentable cries were said to be, distinctly heard. This harmless mourner was called the *Banshee*, and her existence was believed by several above the condition of peasants.

A general belief in ghosts and apparitions, prevailed here as well as in other countries. The people had a variety of charms and nostrums to keep away and defeat the machinations of evil spirits. The most common, were those of nailing an old horse shoe on the threshold of the door of their dwelling house, and sprinkling the place at least once a week with holy water. Their superstitions, however, did not alone consist in a fear of invisible agents: like most people in a state of barbarous ignorance, they always dreaded the effects of witchcraft. They believed there were many evil-minded persons, who had the power of destroying their cattle by a certain malevolent look, as well as by incantations; and that there were old women, who, by a kind of charm, could take from the milk of their neighbour's cows all that part which constitutes the butter, and add it to their own: they could raise storms, tempests, &c. The people had their good, as well as their evil sorcerers and sorceresses; to whom, in cases of theft or sickness, they applied much oftener than to magistrates or physicians.

Such was the credulity of the native Irish, that those among them, who lived in comfortable circumstances, were always liable to be preyed upon by the vilest and shallowest imposters. Itinerant mendicants would frequently carry about them bits of old wood, &c. which they pretended to be sacred relics, possessing great virtue. The reputation which men of this description acquired for sanctity, caused them to be looked up to with reverence. They used to enter the houses of ignorant husbandmen without any ceremony: they were received not only with hospitality, but with veneration; and, in return for the holy treasure which they left behind, they were feasted with the best things the soil produced, and lodged in the best bed the house contained.

But there were no persons for whom the people entertained more respect and veneration than their priests. They considered them as the most virtuous, the most learned and religious of all men. In their private disputes they would often appeal to, and abide by the decision of their priests; who, in many remote parts of Ireland, had all the authority, without any of the responsibility of civil magistrates.—From these men, the common people received all their religious, moral, and political instruction; and placed implicit faith in every thing they said, however absurd or monstrous.

In taking an oath, these people considered the obligation as sacred, if the oath was sworn on a piece of iron. Of the bible, they know little or nothing; because their priests prohibited those who had received any instruction from reading it.—There was a thing called St. Patrick's

trick's Crosier, which was thought to possess such extraordinary power, that the persons swearing by it could not fail to obtain credit; for it was believed that, if they swore falsly, their faces would become distorted and deformed. But as there were no more than two or three of these miraculous relics in Ireland, a cross made of iron, or some other metal, with mystic letters marked on it, was often provided as a substitute, and it was not uncommon to swear upon it in preference to the bible, even before persons authorized by law to administer oaths.

The moral character of the Irish peasants depended on the circumstances under which they lived. In some places they were not only simple and harmless, but extremely generous and benevolent: in others, they were selfish and depraved.—They were all equally unacquainted with the principles of moral rectitude.

Of those who laboured under hardships and oppression, the re-action was great and terrible: it was not a measure of equal retaliation regulated by the rules of reason, but a furious indiscriminate and unjust revenge, the exercise of which corrupted the heart and prepared the individual for the perpetration of every crime.

To complete the picture, we think we ought to add the description of the late fair at Ballinasloe.

The clerk of the fair's return of sheep at the late sales was as follows:

Sold	78,728
Unsold	5,501
Total in the Park	84,229

The horned cattle amounted to 21,614, which were all disposed of in one day.

There are a few peculiar circumstances usually attendant on this great cattle mart of Ballinasloe, not generally known. The various flocks of sheep thus exhibited in Lord Clancarty's park are very skilfully kept in their almost numberless detachments, by the adroitness of the several classes of shepherds with sticks, and without the use of a single dog. All women, of whatever rank, are proscribed admission in either fair of sheep or cattle, on account of a disastrous occurrence many years past (both kinds of stock being then exhibited together in the Park) from the appearance of some red cloaks, at which the bullocks became so indignant, as it were by mutual antipathy, that they broke down a great length of the Park stone wall, and extending their front in this wild career, carried away other fences before them, to the great damage of the country for miles, and very considerable loss to the proprietors of cattle. The flocks of sheep also formed *en masse*, and followed their horned leaders. From that period, if any female accidentally stray into the park, a cry (we believe unknown in Arcadia) of w—re! w—re! resounds from every quarter, until the fair offender flies the field.

The shepherds and attendants, ranged round the various flocks on this occasion, generally amount to from twelve to fifteen hundred men. Nothing can exceed the regularity of their conduct during the business of the fair; but that being over, they seem to claim, as by prescription, an inspiring libation of their favourite whiskey, and its indispensable consequence, a *row!* with these genial rites, the last fair was thus duly closed. The shepherds, who assembled at all the several public houses through the Fair-street, in proportion as they became whiskied, began brandishing their sticks, impatient for the signal of affray: about five o'clock, one of the most distinguished

distinguished of this tribe of Pan sallied forth into the middle of the street, and exclaimed aloud, "Blood and tunder, who dare snaze?—[sneeze] A knight of the Irish fleece, no less valorous, instantly threw himself in the front of the challenger, and as loudly replied, "By J—sus I am the lad to snaze in your teeth!" Upon this, the street was filled with uplifted sticks, and at it they set, regardless of whom they struck, or by whom they were smitten; till having a good belly full of their favourite *row*, they left off by a kind of general consent, and retired to their respective liquor houses, to heal their wounds with never failing whiskey. Fortunately no accident occurred beyond the customary returns of broken heads, and bloody noses.

CHANGES OF WEATHER.

THE editor of a work lately published for the use of farmers and gardeners, by foretelling changes in the weather, &c. observes, that

"When the swallows fly high after their prey, we think ourselves sure of a serene sky; but when they fly low, and brush the surface of the water with their wings, we judge that rain is not far off.

"When the gnats collect themselves before the setting of the sun, and form a sort of vortex, in the shape of a column, it announces fine weather.

"The earth, after very long and abundant rain, is sometimes seen to be almost dry, and the roads quite free from dirt. This is a sign that the rain has not altogether ceased; and denotes a continual efflux of electric matter, which, being renewed, carries with it, in the form of vapour, all the moisture that falls on the earth.

"There is sometimes a great deal of dirt after a very moderate rain; this is a sign of fine weather; because it indicates that evaporation has ceased.

"There is no surer sign of rain than two different currents of clouds, especially if the under-current flies fast before the wind. And if two such currents appear in hot weather, they shew that a thunder-storm is gathering."

On wet and dry seasons, the following rules are laid down:—

"When there has been no storm, before or after the vernal equinox, the ensuing summer is generally dry, at least five times in six.

"When a storm happens from the east, either on the 19th, 20th, or 21st of March, the succeeding summer is dry, four times in five.

"When a storm arises on the 25th, 26th, or 27th of March, and not before, in any point, the succeeding summer is wet four times in five.

"If there should be a storm at south-west, or west south-west, on the 19th, 20th, 21st, or 22d, the succeeding summer is generally wet five times in six.—It rains less in March than in November in the proportion of seven to twelve.

"It generally rains less in April than in October in the proportion of one to two; and less in May than September, in the proportion of three to four.

"When it rains plentifully in May, it generally rains but little in September; and the contrary.

"Out of 41 years, there will in general be 22 dry springs, six wet, and 13 variable ones; also 20 wet summers, 16 dry, and five variable ones: and probably 11 dry autumns, 11 wet, and 19 variable ones.

"The quantity of rain which falls in nine successive years is nearly equal to that which falls in the next following nine. And every 19th year is generally similar. This similarity was very striking between the temperature of the years 1701, 1720, 1739, 1758, 1777."

A RAMBL

A RAMBLE

FROM

Salisbury over part of the Plain, and back again through Old Sarum.

Fisherton—Salisbury Plain—The Shepherd's Story—Retreat of the Swallows—Shepherd's Story continued—A Land Compass—Sonnet from Shakespear—Stonehenge—Amesbury—Old Sarum—The Evening Star, &c.

The honey-bee forsakes her hive at morn,
Kisses the nect'rine, sings around the thorn;
From humbler plants and herbs she draws a treat,
The speary thistle, and the cowslip sweet—
But when the twilight warns her to repose,
She seeks her cell beneath the dewy rose;
Improves her store; and, when refresh'd, once more
Pursues the labour she approv'd before:
So I still ramble up the bloomy way,
And store, at eve, the treasures of the day.

A REDBREAST had perched upon the tendrils of the vine that spread before my chamber window, and was sweetly singing to the twilight. As I threw me from my pillow, I descended to the garden of my hotel, where refreshing myself at the cool pitcher of the Naiade, I turned again for the rural ramble, and passed the bridge at

FISHERTON,

Just as the clock of the town mill gave exertion to the hands of the labourer. As I passed the county-prison, I was not a little gratified to learn from a man, just opening his window, that good policy had done away the abominable custom of turning the debtors in couples without the prison doors, where they were for a certain time accustomed to drag by the leg an enormous length of heavy chain, by which, and tricks of melancholy mummery, the humane passenger was too often forced to subscribe to the wants of these ironed eleemosynaries. Fisherton, a suburb to the city of Salisbury, is a long plain village, principally covered with thatch, but watered with a prodigious fine stream, turning a number of corn-mills. From the name of the place, we should conclude it to be the residence of dealers in the scaly tribe; but the inhabitants are chiefly winders, spinners, and weavers. Leaving Wilton on my left, I took to the wide expanse before me, resolving to pay an early visit to Stonehenge, to pass through Amesbury, and return through Old Sarum, to my pleasant quarters in the charming city of many rivers. To this end, and contemplating the work I had cut out for the day, I began pretty briskly to disturb the dew on

SALISBURY PLAIN.

In this hasty manner I had progressed for several miles, when a sudden change in the appearance of the element occasioned me to slacken my pace; and I turned out of my road, to take council of an old shepherd, who seemed busy with his flock at no great distance. It is astonishing to find with what precision these humble rustics decide respecting the weather. I asked him his opinion of the enormous black cloud that came rolling towards us from the north-west; and having told him my destinaiton, he assured me, that before I could proceed half a mile, the cloud would burst in lightning, and descend in rain. "There is no shelter between this and Amesbury," said he; "if you will step to a little turf hut I have at hand, you shall be welcome, and in half an hour the storm will pass, and leave only the tail

tail of the cloud to water us." I accepted his friendly invitation; and we walked together to a hovel raised with a few sticks, covered with roots and turf, artfully contrived, to keep out the terrors of a sudden tempest. I addressed him in the unfettered language of liberality; and, as he found me familiar, threw off restraint, endeavouring to gratify my inquiries with a civility seldom found among persons of more polished manners. I was curious to know something of this man, and was presently obliged with the

SHEPHERD'S STORY.

He told me he knew but little; that the greatest thing he had to lament was, his not being able to read; however, he had seen a few useful things, and had treasured them in his memory to teach his sons; and that he was perfectly contented with his station in life, because he did not conceive himself able to fill a better. I was never from these plains but once in my life: if you will sit on this stone—continued he—I will tell you the occasion. "In my youth, I went with my father, a shepherd like myself, to Redbridge, to buy oaker for marking the flocks, and a few other articles we could not get at that time in Sarum. As we were drinking a mug of ale at the door of the Anchor by the bridge foot, a boat's crew came on shore, when the officer, seeing me a stout lad, bid the men press me for the service. I was instantly hurried on board; and though my poor father used every entreaty in his power, and even shed tears for my enlargement, all was in vain, the savages drove him off with repeated blows; and I was presently on board a king's ship at Southampton, which sailed the next tide for Portsmouth, from whence we were ordered round to the Downs to take under convoy a fleet of merchantmen for the Baltic. We had been beating about with our charge for many days in very foul weather; and the wind coming about strong at east, we all put back to Yarmouth; and there, for the first time since I was forced from my father, suffered to go on shore with several other boys belonging to the ship. I had a particular aversion to salt water; and the treatment I had met with in my floating-hell, made me resolve, if possible, to run away; so that the moment I found an opportunity, I set about working my natural liberty. Our business on shore was to buy a few necessaries for the officers. Upon return to the boat, I chose to be the bearer of a white loaf and a stone bottle of strong ale. My companions, having no suspicion of my intention, often, in their frolics, left me to myself; when, finding a fit moment for escape, I slipped to the back of the town, and began to look about me, and presently resolved to take to a barn upon a hill at a small distance. I entered this unperceived by any one, and with much difficulty got up my loaf and stone bottle to the top of a barley-mow; when, placing myself near a small opening that overlooked the roads, I resolved to wait my fate with patience and resignation.—From this place I could clearly behold the whole fleet, and all their motions. In my new station I remained three days, finding my loaf and ale the best friends I had met with since I parted from my poor father. The fourth day of my confinement, the wind came about to S. W. and blew a very stiff gale; and I had now the unspeakable pleasure of seeing the Salisbury man of war and the trade all under sail, till they were quite sunk to my view in the great ocean. In this situation I was not without many very agreeable companions. It was the early part of October, and the autumnal

autumnal breezes had shaken the yellow leaves from a clump of elm trees just beside my retreat, when early the first morning an innumerable concourse of swallows came and settled on the bare branches, presenting such a pleasing sight as I had never before seen, and twittering, while the sun was out, such delectable music as I had never before heard. But for what purpose these birds had thus assembled, I could never conceive." I here interrupted the shepherd for a moment, to explain to him the

RETREAT OF THE SWALLOWS.

This assembly of martins and swallows is no where so much observed as on the coast between Orfordness and Yarmouth, it being generally the place of their choice, because most contiguous to the object of their pursuit. I have been there the whole of October, and have observed an immense swarm of these birds to cover the church leads, the tops of houses, and the naked branches of trees; for this is the season when, for want of food, the swallows prepare to leave us, and return to the country, wherever it be, from whence they came; and that this being the nearest land to the opposite coast, and the wind contrary, they were waiting for a favourable gale, and might, in the full sense of the word, be said to be wind-bound, at the time he was entertained with their twitterings. They will always remain in this state till the wind veers to the N. W. or some other favourable point; and if this happens to be in the night, not a single bird of them is to be seen in the morning. Certain it is, that the swallows neither come here merely for warm weather, nor leave us on account of cold. Like shoals of fish in the sea, they pursue their prey, and, being voracious creatures, feed as they fly; for their food are the insects, of which, in our summer evenings, in damp places, the air is full; and when cold weather comes, and these insects are destroyed, necessity then compels the swallows to quit us, and follow their food to some other climate; and this passing and repassing is only observable here, the passage of the sea being too broad from Flamborough-head and the shores of Holderness.

(To be continued.)

PUGILISM.

TOM BELCHER AND BILL RYAN.

THE combat which had been for some time in agitation between Tom Belcher, brother to the noted champion, and Bill Ryan, son of the late pugilist of that name, was, on Friday, November 31, decided at Wilsdon Green, on the Edgeware Road, where the hard battle between Blake and Holmes was fought, and where Pittoon beat Will Wood, a few months since.—This fight was to have taken place on the Monday previous; but a consultation having been held among the gentry of the fist on Monday evening, and differences respecting the purse to be fought for having been settled, Friday, as above, was fixed on for the decisive day. Early in the morning the road leading to the seat of action was filled with vehicles of every description, from the chariot to the dust cart, accompanied with the usual groupe of pedestrians.

The parties arrived at Wilsdon Green, soon after ten o'clock, where a ring was formed by the spectators, who anxiously waited the event of the fight. Belcher appeared confident of success, and threw his hat into the ring, as an act of defiance to his antagonist, who entertained the same confidence of success, and received his bravado with a smile. After waiting

ing a few minutes, the fight commenced, and bets were six to four on Belcher.

The first round commenced without sparring; some clean hits were made, which were well stopped by each. The champions closed and both fell. The 3d and 4th rounds were fought without ceremony, to the advantage of Ryan. The 6th round was fought with determined courage, Belcher put in a clean blow on the temple of his antagonist, who fell somewhat distressed. Bets were at this time 7 to 4 on Belcher.

There was no material alteration in the contest until the 18th round, which was well maintained on both sides, Belcher hit his antagonist a clean blow over the mouth—Ryan rallied, and knocked him down. At this stage of the fight Belcher evidently shewed symptoms of distress, and bets were equal. Ryan, after this, became the favourite, although Belcher displayed equally scientific skill. At the 30th round the friends of Belcher began to despair of success, although he fought manfully, but he appeared greatly distressed, and Ryan knocked him down four successive rounds. At the 35th round, Belcher, the noted champion, got from off a coach, and whispered to his brother, who seemed to profit by his advice, and he exerted himself in the 36th and 37th rounds, when he fell apparently lifeless.—He, however, fought another round to his disadvantage, and, while falling, Ryan struck him a hard blow, which decided the fight.

At this moment the ring was broken, and a general fight took place. The friends of Belcher declared that the last blow was foul, and consequently he was entitled to the purse. Bob Watson, a pretended pugilist, challenged to fight any man who should maintain that the blow was not foul; but on Joe Ward displaying buff, this great man was struck silent, and the affair was left to be determined by a gentleman amateur, who held the purse, and who conceived that Belcher had been beaten for a quarter of an hour before he gave in. The victor, Ryan, then received the purse, which ended the dispute. The combatants were both much beaten, particularly Belcher. Tom Jones and Dick Whale seconded Ryan; and Belcher was seconded by George Maddox and Joe Norton. Several gentlemen amateurs were on the ground; and among the gentry of the fist were Belcher, Bill Ward, Burke, Mendoza, Holmes, &c.

In consequence of a word being dropped, Burke challenged to fight any Jew in England for 100 guineas at a week's notice.

TYROLIAN HUNTER.

THE Tyrolian mountaineers are passionately fond of the chase, and train their children to it. In every village there is a little square appropriated, where the young people practise shooting at a mark, as soon as they are able to carry a gun. The best marksmen amongst them frequently go to the different places of Germany where prizes for shooting are distributed, and never return till they have gained some. The pursuit of the chamois*, which is allowed to be the most toilsome and difficult of all hunting, is that which has the greatest attraction for the Tyrolian. Lightly clad, wearing a large green hat to keep off the sun, his gun slung at his back like a soldier's musket, and a stick pointed with iron in his hand, he traverses the deepest valleys, and the highest mountains, on which he passes several days successively. His haversac, which is commonly cuvered with fur, and in which he carries his provisions,

* See our Magazine for October last, page 21.

provisions, a small speaking trumpet, and a pair or iron hooks, serves him also for a pillow by night. He makes use of the iron hooks in climbing the most rugged rocks; and, being often obliged to go down them, or leap from one rock to another, he frequently finds it expedient to make a considerable incision in the soles of his feet, that the blood which comes from it may stick about them, and make a kind of paste to prevent his slipping!—What will not keen sportsmen endure and inflict on themselves!—Self-denial and pain are forgotten in the pursuits to which man is passionately devoted. The philosopher, intent on the solution of a problem, forgets his meal; and the hunter in the chase braves death, and is regardless of wounds.

OATLANDS' STAKES—1805.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs each, h. ft. and only 10gs if declared on or before the 31st day of December, 1804. To be run for on Tuesday in the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1805.—Ditch in.—If there should be sixteen Subscribers, to be divided, and two classes formed, to run on Tuesday and Wednesday in the same Meeting.

	Ages.	*st.*	*lb*
Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor	6 yrs	9	6
Duke of Grafton's Parasol	4 yrs	9	1
Mr Watson's Duxbury	5 yrs	8	9
Lord Sackville's Enchanter	5 yrs	8	7
Sir F. Standish's Brother to Stamford	4 yrs	8	6
Mr Lake's Giles	6 yrs	8	4
Mr Wardel's Lady Brough	3 yrs	8	3
Mr Abbey's Margery	5 yrs	8	2
Sir J. Shelley's Julia	5 yrs	8	1
Mr Wardell's Gratitude	3 yrs	7	13
Mr Howorth's Harefoot	5 yrs	7	11
Mr Wardell's Houghton Lass	3 yrs	7	11
Mr Kellermann's Mary	4 yrs	7	10
Mr Ladbroke's Bustard	3 yrs	7	10
Mr R. Weatherill's Flambeau	6 yrs	7	9
Mr Howorth's Enterprise	3 yrs	7	9
General Gower's La Mancha	3 yrs	7	5
Mr R. Boyce's Brainworm	3 yrs	7	3
Mr Wilson's Maiden, by Sir Peter	3 yrs	6	12
Mr Branthwayt's ch. c. by Guildford, out of Slammerkin	3 yrs	6	12
Mr Collett's Phœnix, by Sir Peter	4 yrs	6	10
Mr Howard's Blemished Boy	4 yrs	6	10
Mr Kellermann's bay colt, by Petworth	3 yrs	6	10
Mr W. Fenwick's Miss Coiner	3 yrs	6	8
Mr Abbey's Virgin, by Sir Peter	3 yrs	6	7
Mr R. Weatherill's Haughty	3 yrs	6	0
Mr Mellish did not name.			

The above Stakes closed on the 1st inst. and were handicapped, and the weights declared on Saturday the 15th.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

BON MOT.

A MAN came to the Mansion-House a few days ago, to complain of his having been robbed, but could not give the least intimation respecting the thief. "What does the man want?" inquired the Lord Mayor. "Why, I believe," replied one of the marshals, "he expects to find your Lordship a *conjuror*, who can help him to his stolen goods." "Then you may tell him I am no such thing; nor do I remember any person of that description sitting in this chair for several years past."

A SHORT time since, it happened an honest broad-brimmed quaker, by accident, dined with five or six jolly parsons, at a village near Bath. As the glass went round, each Spin-text gave his toast or sentiment; at length it came to Broadbrim's turn to give his toast or sentiment, but he insisted he would not give any, it being contrary to the principles of his persuasion to do so; upon this, the reverend divines became very clamorous, and threatened to *pokerise* the poor quaker.—"Nay, friend," says Broadbrim, "if I must give a sentiment, why I will then;" and taking up the glass, and looking slyly at his companions, "Forbearance to the black slug, that devours one tenth of the husbandman's labour."

BON MOT.—A Liverpool gentleman, of Hibernian extraction, not less remarkable for the suavity of his manners than the gentility of his person, stopped lately at a butcher's stall, and *sans cérémonie*, addressed the master with some apparent warmth, "What's the price of pork to-day?"—"Ten-pence," was the reply. "Hogs are saucy," rejoined Pat. "*So I perceive*," replied the gentleman of the knife and cleaver, casting an arch look at his customer! It is unnecessary to add, that the conversation was abruptly broken off.

LEXICOGRAPHICAL DISTINCTION.

(*A Circuit Tale versified.*)

ONCE a quaker in court on a trial subpœn'd,
Who of each word he spoke the true meaning well ween'd;
By —— ———— examin'd, while Erskine stood by,
For the counsellor's wherefore had always a why,
And while answer to question he gave *apropos*,
He would often make use of *likewise* and *also*;
Likewise and *also*, says the brow-beating lawyer,
Don't bore us so much with your meeting-house jaw here;
Likewise and also have no meaning but one,
So with such vile tautology, Stiff-rump, have done.
I deny thy remark, quoth the quaker, quite cool,
And who says they're synonimous, must be a fool;

There's

There's the man at thy elbow, a lawyer confess'd,
Which is not the case with each lawyer profess'd,
For thou, my good friend, as plain dealing I prize,
Art a lawyer *also*, but by no means LIKEWISE!

AN Irish Gentleman, at an inn in Bath, upon receiving his Bill, observed a charge of 16s. for *Whiskey*. "By Holy St. Patrick," said he to the waiter, "though I am not so low as to dispute your bill altogether, I will not be tricked out of sixteen shillings for an article I never had—*Whiskey?*" continued the enraged Hibernian, "why the devil a drop have I tasted since I left my own dear country, and I wish I had some now." Upon explanation it turned out, that instead of the Irish beverage, *Whiskey*, the article charged in the bill was a one-horse *Chaise*, (i. e. a *Whiskey*) in which the gentleman had taken an airing the day before.

A GENTLEMAN coming to town on Saturday, in one of the coaches, a passenger was picked up, who swore most terribly; and repeating several times "d— my blood"—the gentleman having had the misfortune to cut his face, which he could not stop from bleeding, said with great good humour, "I wish Sir, you would rather have the kindness to dam *my* blood, which I have some time been endeavouring to do without success."

A CERTAIN Divine, about to change his congregation, mentioned that subject from the pulpit.—After service was over, an old negro man, who was one of his admirers, went up and asked him his motive for leaving his flock. The parson answered, "I have a call!"—"Ay, massa," returned the negro. "who call you?" "God Almighty," replied the parson. "Aye, massa, he call you?" "Yes, Jack, he called me." "Massa, what you get here?" "Why, I get L.200 a year." "And what you get toder place?" "Why, I am to get L400." "Ah! massa, God Almighty call you till he be blind from L.400 to L.200, you no go."

FROM a late Clonmel Journal.—Ran away, last night, my wife, Bridget Coole; she is a tight neat body, and has lost one leg; she was seen riding behind the priest of the parish through Fermoy, and as we never was married, I will pay no debts she does not contract: she lisps with one tooth, and is always talking about fairies, and is of no use but to the owner.—Phelim Coole."

A CUSTOM-HOUSE Officer lately allowed himself to become intoxicated, when he ought to have been active in his business. A waggish brother observed, that Mr. Gauge had been perfectly attentive to his *customs*, but negligent to his *duties*.

AN Irish Gentleman in company a few nights since, seeing that the lights were so dim as only to render the darkness visible, called out lustily, "Here, waiter, let me have a couple of daycent candles, just that I may see how those others burn!"

AN Attorney, notorious for fomenting disturbances in hope of gaining fresh clients, seeing an old pot companion scuffling with another, lately, advised him by all means to pull of his clothes, "for if you get them torn to pieces, what will you do then?" "Do!" cried the other, "why as you do every day—kick up a dust for a new *suit*.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S NEW STABLES AT BRIGHTON.

THESE stables, which are in great forwardness, and just covered in, will far surpass, in beauty and magnificence, any similar buildings now in Europe. They are erected upon the Grove Promenade, where two hundred artificers have been employed for several months, and are expected to be finished early in the spring.

This beautiful structure is built in the form of an amphitheatre, with a circular ride in the centre, round which there are stabling or stalls for 50 horses, so completely constructed, that his Royal Highness, in riding round the ride, may view every horse in the stable, each being an equal distance from the other, with a door leading to each, with two grand doors, or entrances, one opposite the Pavilion, and the other to the Promenade; the roof of the building forms a dome, lighted all round by rows of crown glass. Suspended from the cap are a variety of Chinese figures, pigeon holes, bells, &c. over which, we understand, is to be a pedestal 18 feet high, with an emblematic figure.

ON Tuesday, Dec. 11, a match for 100gs was run over the Beverley course, betwixt Mr. Darley's grey horse, rode by Shepherd, and Captain French's bay horse, rode by Cade, and won easy by Mr. Darley.

WE understand a match will be run on the last day of the Malton Craven Meeting, 1805, by Mr. Masterman's dun horse, John Doe, by Ormond, and Mr. Boulton's bay mare, Mrs. Roe, by Astonishment, for 50gs, h. ft. To carry 8st. 7lb. each. Four miles.

THE match betwixt Eagle and Hippocampus is off by consent.

ON Wednesday, 28th ult, a long depending bet was decided, between a butcher in Brook's market, and a smith of the same place; the latter agreed to walk the first five miles on the Highgate road for twenty guineas, which was won by the butcher, with great ease, in 57 minutes and two seconds, leaving his opponent nearly half a mile behind. Several private bets were depending.

THURSDAY morning, 29th ult, a foot race, for a handsome wager took place on the Borrows, near Swansea, between Lieut. Young, of the Royal Navy, and Mr. Cleves, of Wind-street, which was won with great ease by the Lieutenant, who left his opponent considerably astern. Another bet was likewise decided between two persons, one of whom engaged to run from a house near the quay to the Angel at Greenhill, and back again, a distance of more than a mile, before the other could eat a penny loaf; which, notwithstanding the present diminutive size of the latter, he perform-ed

ed before the unlucky gormandizer had finished his meal.

On Tuesday the 18th instant, Mr. Richard Lownds, late of Chester, but now of Northwich, leather-cutter, undertook for a considerable wager to walk from Northwich to the sixth mile-stone on the road leading to this city, a distance of six miles and near a quarter, in one hour, which he performed in fifty-nine minutes and a half. The morning was very unfavourable for his purpose, owing to a little snow having fallen, which was followed with a very thick fog. Very considerable bets were laid upon the occasion. The same gentleman, about two months since, undertook to walk from Northwich to Manchester, a distance of 21 miles, in five successive hours, which he performed with ease in four hours and three minutes.

On Monday, Dec. 17, a foot race, for a purse, was run on the Edgeware Road, between John Ward, of pugilistic notoriety, and Handy, a shoemaker, at Paddington. Ward was conducted to the place of performance by most of the pugilists of the day, and the same compliment was paid to the son of Crispin, by a tribe of his brethren, followed by a groupe of St. Monday's pedestrians. The ground fixed on for the race was, from Pine Apple Place to Hill House, a distance of three furlongs. At starting, Ward gave his antagonist ten yards, and beat him by six, having performed the task in less than two minutes. The gentry of the fist picked up a trifle by the race.

A young man, for a wager of ten guineas, engaged to hop upon one leg for three quarters of an hour, which he performed, the beginning of this month, in Bridge-st. Blackfriars, with apparent ease.—He went a distance of two miles and a quarter in the time.

A short time since, an Irish labourer, at a public house, at Newington, for a trifling wager, engaged to eat three pounds of bacon, a pound of treacle, 30 eggs, and a quartern loaf, and drink half a gallon of beer. He was allowed half an hour to complete the same, but devoured the whole in 25 minutes; and afterwards offered a shilling to be permitted to sup off a goose, then roasting for supper, which offer the host declined.

For the amusement of naturalists and others of our readers, we give the following description of a bird, of the eagle tribe, which was shot a few days since at Stockeld Park, near Withirby by Mr. Cummins, gamekeeper to the Countess of Aberdeen, in the grounds near the house.—It is of such enormouse size and strength, as to receive the shot of three discharges before it was secured; and it then defended itself so powerfully, as to elude every device Mr Cummins could exercise to seize it, till he offered the muzzle of his gun, which it seized with such avidity, as to hang in that position till he reached the house — It is still alive, and measures 9 feet 4 inches from the extremities of the wings to its beak. Its talons, &c. display astonishing strength.

On Monday morning, the 10th inst. an accident of a singular nature happened at the foot of one of the parks of Balgay, in Scotland, which lie contiguous to the river. A young man who had gone to that place to shoot wild ducks, lay watching his prey behind a bush, with his hat off. Another young man in pursuit of similar sport, hearing a rustling noise, and indstinctly perceiving through the dusk (for the sun had not yet risen) a creature with hair of a brownish

brownish red colour, in that situation, concluded it must be a fox, and fired, when his unfortunate brother sportsman received the contents of the piece in the left side of his head and shoulders. Part of the shot penetrated the ball of the left eye. It was at first thought he could not survive; there is now, however, every reason to believe he will live, but with the loss of an eye.

On Wednesday morning, the 12th inst, four fine mares were drowned in the river Dee, at Handbridge, belonging to Mr. Jones, of Brymbo, near Wrexham.—It appears, they had just been loosed from the team, and were turned down to drink, linked together, when the first going in too far, the fresh in the river took her off her feet, and by plunging, the others were drawn in, and all attempts to save them were ineffectual.—The poor man who drove the team, and witnessed the accident, went home in a state bordering on distraction.

On Friday, 30th ult. as a boy, about twelve years of age, apprentice to Mr. Herbert, of Leominster, Herefordshire, shoemaker, was washing a large mastiff in the river Lugg, in the Old Fields, near that town, the bank where he stood being undermined by the current, suddenly gave way, and they both sunk together in a very deep and rapid part of the stream; the boy, very fortunately, had firm hold of the collar, and the dog being a powerful animal, at length succeeded in gaining the shore upon a gravel bank, about twenty yards below the place where they fell in: the boy being nearly exhausted, remained some time on the bank, before he was able to move, the dog standing by him; but as soon as he was so far recovered as to get up and walk, the poor animal expressed his joy, by jumping round him and caressing him. What is very remarkable, and shews the wonderful interposition of Providence, the dog had once a narrow escape from drowning, by his collar getting fast in a stump as he was swimming; after which time, the collar was always taken off before the dog was suffered to go into the water, except in this instance, when it was very providentially the means of saving the boy's life.

Last month, Mr. Powell, of Okeover Hall, Derbyshire, shot a species of woodcock, supposed from the inspection of several sportsmen, as well as gamekeepers, never to have been before seen in this country. Its plumage, a bright chesnut, faintly mottled, except the neck and breast, which were nearly white, as well as the legs and feet. The head and eyes larger than the common sort, and bill thicker, of a beautiful brown colour. It weighed eleven ounces, and was flushed in very thick cover, rose with great rapidity, and seemed uncommonly strong on the wing.

The loss of the Yorkshire Mr. Dawson, who died lately, will be severely felt by the gentlemen of the turf; by all of whom he was highly respected.—Mr. Dawson was the breeder of the following running-horses, &c. Roscius, Mrs. Siddons, Frater, Peg Woffington, Sir Thomas, Sulky, Screveton, Diamond, Stickler, Hyperion, Hippopotamus, Hippocampus, and many others:—He was also the owner of Coriander, Quando, Jack-a-Lantern, Quiz, Macmanus, &c &c.—He has left a widow and nine children to lament his irreparable loss.

During the night of Friday, 21st inst. some miscreants broke into

X 2

into the stable of Mr. Joseph Payne, of Bourton-on-the-Water, in the county of Gloucester, and stole a valuable mare—which, after taking a short distance from the premises, they tied to a tree, and then cut its throat.

On Monday, 26th ult. a *caning match* happened at Windsor, between two Poor Knights of the Castle, on their returning from church. The celebrated Sir John Dineley, who has often advertised for a moneyed wife, and whose eccentricities are familiar to the public, was returning from the cathedral prayers, with his brother knights, when the conversation turned upon the income tax. Sir John, and one of his brethren, argued warmly upon the properties of the act, which does not affect either of them, insomuch, that Sir John felt the weight of his opponent's cane. Sir John was asked on Wednesday, if he meant to prosecute? when the eccentric knight replied, "Surely; and as it happened on my returning home from church, I intend to indict under the 5th and 6th of Edw. c. 4. §. 3. whereby I shall get him excommunicated from the church; and beside that, he will be adjudged to have one of his ears cut off." Sir John has obtained a warrant for the assault, and persists in it that he is entitled to one of the ears of his opponent.

Stalking Horse.—Of all the expressions used in political controversy, few are more frequent than the term *stalking horse*, yet the origin of the phrase is rarely understood. Before the invention of guns, lime twigs, nets, glades, gins, strings, baits, pit-falls, setting-dogs, and decoy ducks, stalking-horses were employed for procuring game. The stalking-horse was a horse trained for the purpose, and covered with trappings, so as to conceal the sportsman from the victim of his art. It was particularly useful to the archer, by affording him an opportunity of approaching the birds unseen by them, so near, that his arrows might easily reach them; but as this method was sometimes inconvenient, and often impracticable, the fowler had recourse to a canvas figure, stuffed, and painted like a horse grazing, but sufficiently light, that it might be moved with pleasure with one hand. These deceptions were also made in the form of oxen, cows, and stags, for variety. The Harleian MS. marked 2284, in the collection at the British Museum, contains inventories of the wardrobes belonging to Henry VIII. and in these we find the allowance of certain quantities of stuff, for the purpose of making stalking-coats, and stalking-hose, for the use of his Majesty.

A most *dreadful warfare* was lately waged in Ashdown Park, where in the course of a few days, Lord Craven killed no less than *sixteen hundred hares*.

Some time ago, a hare was caught swimming in the Humber, which, it is supposed, she had taken in consequence of having been pressed by her enemies on shore.

Worming of Dogs.—It is surprising that this operation, formerly so frequent, is not practised upon every dog. It is true, that it does not prevent dogs from catching the canine madness; but the tongues of dogs that have been wormed, immediately swell after they become mad, which prevents their jaws closing, and effectually hinders them from biting. They become torpid and stupid, as has been fully ascertained by many late experiments.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ADDRESS

On the Debut of the Young Roscius at Covent Garden Theatre.

IMPATIENT for renown, all hope and fear,
How many a Candidate has ventur'd here;
Where dawning merit never miss'd its aim,
But reached, by due degrees, the heights of fame.
Yet now, unheeding study's servile cares,
—So rumour with her hundred tongues, declares—
A youth your favour courts, whose early prime
Derides the tedious growth of ling'ring time;
Mature at once, when nature urg'd he strove,
Starting like Pallas from the brain of Jove.
But think not, though on Fortune's swelling tide,
Led by exulting fame he travels wide;
Think not he comes with vain triumphant sail,
Nor dreads the dangers of an adverse gale.
Though crowds on crowds have join'd in fond acclaim,
Through his bright track, to bear aloft his name;
And to complete at length his bold career,
Have sent his little bark in safety here:
Not pride, but gratitude, has warm'd his breast,
And hence alarms his modest doubts suggest,
Lest that applause has been with gen'rous rage,
Not lavish'd on his genius but his age.
He knows the temper of a British mind,
For merit zealous, but to error kind;
Nor can he deem his honours justly due,
" Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd, by you."

SONGS

From the new Comic Opera of Thirty Thousand; or, Who's the Richest?

FORESAIL.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS on the spot, in ancient lore oft nam'd,
Where Isis and Osiris once held sway,
O'er kings who sleep in pyramidic pride;
But now for British valour far more fam'd,
Since Nelson's band achiev'd a glorious day,
And, crown'd with laurel, Abercrombie died.

AIR.

Her roseate colours the dawn had not shed,
O'er the field which stern slaughter had tinted too red,

'Twas

'Twas dark—save each flash at the cannon's hoarse sound,
When the brave Abercrombie receiv'd his death-wound;
His comrades with grief unaffected, deplore,
Tho' to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

With a mind unsubdued still the foe he defied,
On the steed which the Hero of Acre supplied;
'Till, feeling he soon to fate's summons must yield,
He gave Sidney the sword he no longer could wield.
His Comrades with grief unaffected deplore,
Tho' to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

The standard of Albion with victory crown'd,
Wav'd over his head as he sank on the ground,
"Take me hence, my brave fellows" the vet'ran did cry,
"My duty's complete, and contented I die."

MEDLEY DUET.

CLUMP AND GANGWAY.

CLUMP.

BILLY TAILYER, a brisk young sailyer,
Full of mirth and full of glee.

GANGWAY.

Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
List, ye landsmen, all, to me.

CLUMP.

For the ghost, it cried, right solemnly
Tol de riddle lol, tol de riddle, tol de re.
Oh, Molly, you must go with I,
Tol lol lol, de riddle lol de re,
[*Whimpering.*

GANGWAY.

What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye?
Why what a d——d fool you must be!

CLUMP.

If Mounseer comes, we'll do the job

GANGWAY.

In less than half-an-hour.

CLUMP.

O, that the bullets may scuttle his nob,
For I've got his will and his power.

GANGWAY.

And when the fights begun,
We'll make the Mounseers run,

CLUMP.

Singing, O dear, what can the matter be,

GANGWAY.

While we sing, fal de ral tit.

BOTH.

Hearts of oak are our ships, &c.

A FASHIONABLE DIALOGUE.

TIM BUCK.

GOOD morrow Sam, yah! [*yawns*] pray what o'clock?
I've slept damn'd ill—am stupid as a block.

SAM SOBERSIDES.

Of your acquirements you can sure judge best,
They say, true words are often spoke in jest.
That you slept ill can be no cause of wonder,
In bottle-feats to no man you'll knock under,
Yourself the Pilot, ran the ship on shore,
Drunk, I presume, and got to bed by four.

TIM BUCK.

Wrong—or ne'er more for main may I throw seven!
My head my pillow press'd before eleven.

SAM SOBERSIDES.

I crave your pardon, Tim, I'm wrong I find,
And joy to see you of an alter'd mind.
Eleven!—'gainst that sure nothing can be said,
The hour they now put little boys to bed.

TIM BUCK.

You're hoax'd my friend, I swear by all the pow'rs!
For know ye not within the verge of hours,
Elev'n twice chimes—now prithee canst thou glean,
Which of the two elevens 'tis I mean?

SAM

SAM SOBERSIDES.

Ah, Tim, your pranks I find you ne'er will quit:
Wine is a foe—sometimes a friend to wit.
Wine, when it flows in not too copious bowl,
Gives zest to wit, invigorates the soul;
But, sottish, when too copious draughts we swallow;
Now mark me, Tim, I'll paint the ills that follow.
A pallid visage, shaking hand and head,
A moving *automate*, half live half dead.
My lecture free I give without a fee—
But damn it! Tim, see how you spill the tea.
Your hand keeps quiv'ring like the leaves of aspens,
You've rush'd the torrent o'er my galligaskins.

TIM BUCK.

O ho! my friend of temp'rate mind and placid,
Your honey's intermixt, I find, with acid;
All other ills with patience I could bear,
But how it grieves me, Sam, to hear you swear.
All other ills were in my pow'r of bearing,
But *damn it!* I detest the vice of swearing.
Now prithee tell me, for I'm quite to seek,
What day is this of year, or month, or week?
Incircl'd by an endless round of pleasure,
To know myself, I scarce can find the leisure.

SAM SOBERSIDES.

Then seek it not—you're such an aukward mixture,
The more you know, the less you'll like the picture.

TIM BUCK.

Not like!—why, Sam, you're sure a little hippy,
The world admire, and say I'm all the tippy;
Religion I disclaim and make a farce on,
And only go to church to quiz the parson.
Debts, but of honour, I disdain to pay,
Turn day to night; and night again to day;
Am ever *debonnaire*, and free, and jolly,
And join in every fashionable folly.
A fig then for your ill-tim'd senseless stricture!
All but yourself must sure admire the picture.
Here—waiter! bring me Arthur's latest print—
[*Reads.*]——Consols reduced!——why zounds! there's nothing in't.
We've lost our pleasant and most sav'ry dish,
That magpye Sowwell's mute as any fish.
Sometimes he'll chitter chatter like a parrot,
And deal us out amusement from his garret:
O! that his shoes were nervous as his rhyme,
They'd last their wearers to the end of time.

SAM SOBERSIDES.

Our horses now, dear Tim, we set together,
But do you really think he deals in leather?
I have no faith, whatever he pretends,
In his figur'd history of awls and ends.
I'd bet he knows no more than I or you,
To stitch a pump, or set a heel on shoe.

TIM BUCK.

I'm queerish, Sam, and feel I don't know how,
Let's sally forth, and view the huge fat cow.
Her fat upon the haunch twelve inches deep,
Come, stir your stumps! and let us have a peep.
I'm all at leisure as I am a sinner,
And know not how to murder time, till dinner.

SAM SOBERSIDES.

Extreme of fat is surely an abuse,
For how contrive to turn it into use?
Unless you bolt the fat, I eat the lean,
And then of course we lick the platter clean.
Were I, like Heliogabalus, a glutton,
Dame Nature I'd permit to feed my mutton:
Her steady course I ne'er would seek to foil,
Nor fatten up my ox with cakes of oil;
Luxuriant pastures still should be their feed,
Nor would I strive to magnify the breed.
A friend advis'd—I bow'd assent, I own,
When things are well, *let well enough alone!*

BACCHANALIAN

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

WHILE philosophers sternly declaim,
Make comments, dispute, and abuse,
With vigour each tenet maintain,
And nought, but true candour refuse;

Let us, pitying such rancour and strife,
Or rather despising such folly,
On the other hand pass thro' our life,
Good natured, contented, and jolly.

For in pleasure alone shall we find,
And experience confirms this belief,
Any solace, or joy for the mind,
Either transient or constant relief:

Then to pleasure, like men of true taste,
Ourselves let us ever devote;
Nor our prime, let's ingloriously waste,
From this goddess's mansions remote.

Tho' proud pedants through envy may blame us,
Their charges are futile and vain,
And their rhetoric need not alarm us,
While these maxims we coolly maintain:

To their rancour we'll then bid defiance,
Nor mind what they foolishly plead,
While we place our most steady reliance
On axioms which cannot recede.

W. W.

THE COCKNEY ANGLER'S SONG.

Suggested by the "Cockney, a Parody of the Maroon Song," in the Magazine for November.

ROUSE, rouse! brother anglers, nor slothfully sleep,
For the sun through the fog shews his face;
Believe me, my lads, we shall make the fish weep,
If a tear ever fell from a dace.

The bell from Saint Giles's has toll'd five o'clock!
Then away to the *New River's* side;
Let the *shooters* to kill the poor sparrows fast flock,
And behind all the *brick-kilns* go hide.

From a *musket's* dread tube let them aim at their prey,
Ducks, geese, or whate'er they come near,
Pigs, puppies, or poultry, if distant they stray
From the home where they never knew fear;

But we, *jolly fishermen*, scorn such mean arts,
While a *minnow* remains to be caught,
We're *the boys* that from river-side pleasures ne'er *starts*,
For with health and delight they are fraught.

Then rouse, brother anglers, nor slothfully sleep,
For the sun through the fog shews his face,
Believe me, my lads, we shall make the fish weep,
If a tear ever fell from a dace.

Dec, 3, 1804. J. M. L.

AN OLD WOMAN'S OBSERVATION

On reading the Account of Mrs. Thornton's recent Race at York.

OH now! forsooth! when ladies ride a race,
And vie with men in every manly grace,
Could but our grandmothers on earth arise,
How would such sights astound their wond'ring eyes?
They who Commandments ten, in cross-stitch wrought,
And good morality on sampler's taught;
Who never rode but on some festive day,
When behind John, upon a long-tail'd grey:—
Strapp'd to a modest pillion's sober side,
My good aunt Deborah came out a bride;
She a long-waisted Joseph proudly wore,
And, on her head, an ample bonnet bore:
What would she say, to see the modern maid,
With jockey sleeves, and velvet cap array'd,
Dashing thro' thick and thin, to gain the post,
And swearing, when she finds her wishes cross'd!

OLIVIA OLDSTOCK.

Old-Street, Nov. 30, Old Stile.